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THE

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BEING THE JOURNAL OF A TOUR

IN PURSUIT OF HEALTH

IN PORTUGAL ITALY SWITZERLAND AND FRANCE

IN THE YEARS 1817 1818 AND 1819

BY HENRY MATTHEWS ESQ. A.M.

FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE

——— talking of the Alps and Apennines
The Pyrenæan and the River Po—SHAKSPEARE

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CHAPTER IX.

State of Society in Italy—Cavaliere Servente System—Italian Language—Bologna—Journey to Venice—St. Mark's Place—Fall of Venice—Gondolas—Rialto—Journey to Milan—Verona—Napoleon Buonaparte—Austrian Dominion—Plain of Lombardy.

May 16th, 1818. After six days of continued travelling, a short season of repose succeeds as an agreeable vicissitude. Let me employ a portion of it in recording my impressions of the moral and political state of the country in which I have been sojourning.

The discontent of the people, particularly in the Papal and Neapolitan states, is loud and open;—for, though the liberty of the press is unknown, they indulge in the fullest freedom of speech in canvassing the conduct of their rulers. There is indeed ample cause for discontent;—

the people seem every day more impatient of the civil and ecclesiastical oppressions to which they are subjected;—and a revolution is the common topic of conversation. If there were any rational hope of revolution bringing improvement, it would be difficult not to wish for a revolution in Italy.

A revolution, however, to be productive of benefit, ought to be effected by the quiet operation of public opinion; that is, of the virtuous and well-informed part of the public;—and this would be, not revolution, but reform—the best way of preventing a revolution, in the modern sense of that term. But where shall we look, in Italy, for the elements of such a reform? There can be little hope of its *political* amelioration till some improvement has taken place in its *moral* condition. How can any thing great or good be expected from a people where the state of society is so depraved as to tolerate the *cavaliere servente* system?—a system which sanctions the public display of apparent, if not real, infidelity to the most important and religious engagement of domestic life. And yet, constituted as society is in Italy, this system ought perhaps to excite little surprise. For marriage is here, for the most part, a mere arrangement of convenience; and

the parties often meet for the first time at the foot of the altar. An Italian does not expect from such an union the happiness of home, with the whole train of domestic charities which an Englishman associates with the marriage-state; the *spes animi credula mutui* is certainly not the hope of an *Italian* husband—and the *Cavaliere* robs him of nothing which he is not quite content to spare.

It is, indeed, nine times in ten, to the fault of the husband that the infidelity of the wife is to be ascribed. This is a reflection I have often made to Italian men, who have always seemed disposed to admit the truth of it; but the truth is better attested by the exemplary conduct of those women, whose husbands take upon themselves to perform the offices of affection that are ordinarily left to the *Cavaliere*. An Italian said to me one day, "*Una donna ha sempre bisogno d'appoggiarsi ad un uomo!*"—If she cannot repose her cares and her confidence in the bosom of her husband, is it very surprising that she should seek some other support? Consider the character of the Italian woman. Ardent and impassioned—jealous of admiration—enthusiastic alike in love or in resentment—she is tremblingly

alive to the provocations which she has so often to endure from the open neglect and infidelity of the man who has sworn to love and protect her.

The *spretæ injuria formæ* is an insult which has provoked colder constitutions than the Italian to retaliate. What indeed is there to restrain her? —a sense of duty?—there is no such sense. An Italian woman is accustomed to consider the conjugal duties as strictly reciprocal, and would laugh to scorn, as tame and slavish submission, the meek and gentle spirit which prompted the reply of the "divine Desdemona"—

> "Unkindness may do much;
> And his unkindness may defeat my life,
> But never taint my love."

And while there is so little to restrain, the effect of example is to encourage her to follow, the bent of her inclinations; and she is attended by a licensed seducer, privileged to approach her at all hours, and at full liberty to avail himself of all the aid that opportunity and importunity can lend him for the accomplishment of his purpose.

These observations can only be meant to apply to the higher classes of society, to which the *Cavaliere* system is confined; and it must not be

supposed, even amongst these, that there are not many examples of domestic virtue and domestic happiness;—or that husbands and wives may not be found in Italy, as in other places, fondly and faithfully attached to each other. Nor is it always a criminal connexion that subsists between a Lady and her *Cavaliere*, though it is generally supposed to be so; but many instances might be cited where it is well known that it is not.

There is indeed a sort of mysticism in the tender passion, as it seems always to have existed in this country, which it is difficult to understand or explain. Platonic love, in the verses of Petrarch, if indeed Petrarch's love were Platonic, glows with a rapturous warmth, which often speaks the very language of a grosser feeling; while the most depraved of all passions has been clothed with a tenderness and delicacy of sentiment and expression which would seem to belong only to our purest affections. Witness Horace's address to Ligurinus:—

Sed cur heu Ligurine, cur
  Manat rara meas lacrima per genas?
Cur facunda parum decoro
  Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?

What can be more tender, unless it be Pope's beautiful imitation—

> But why—ah! tell me—ah! too dear!
> Steals down my cheek th' involuntary tear?
> Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
> Stop or turn nonsense at one glance of thee?

But to return;—the *Cavaliere* system must ever remain the great moral blot in the Italian character;—and yet, this system, founded as it is in the violation of all laws and feelings, has its own peculiar regulations, which it would be an unpardonable breach of etiquette to transgress. The Lady must not have children by her Paramour;—at least, the notoriety of such a fact would be attended with the loss of reputation. What can be said of a state of society that can tolerate such things, but—"Reform it altogether."

I am afraid the morals of England will not derive much benefit from familiarizing our countrywomen to hear these connexions talked of, as they constantly are, without censure or surprise. It would be impossible, however, to introduce the system into England as it exists here.

Few Englishmen would be found to bear the

yoke that is here imposed on a *Cavaliere.* An Italian without pursuit or profession, may find in this philandering drudgery a pleasant mode of employing his time; but in England, politics and field-sports would, if no better feelings or principles should oppose its introduction, be in themselves sufficient to interfere with such a system of female supremacy. But though much may be feared from familiarity with vice, I would rather hope that a nearer contemplation of its evil consequences will induce them to cling with closer affection to the moral habits and institutions of their own country, where the value of virtue and fidelity is still felt and appreciated as it ought to be;—and to cultivate with increasing vigilance all those observances, which have been wisely set up as bulwarks to defend and secure the purity of the domestic sanctuary.

I remember Fuller says—"Travel not beyond the Alps. Mr. Ascham did thank God that he was but nine days in Italy; wherein he saw in one city more liberty to sin, than in London he had ever heard of in nine years. That some of our gentry have gone thither and returned thence, without infection, I more praise God than their adventure." If he entertained apprehensions for

the "travel tainted" gentry of his time, we may well feel anxiety for the ladies of our own; feeling, as we must, that it is to the female virtues of England we should look, not only for the happiness of our homes—but also for the support of that national character, which has led to all our national greatness;—for the character of a nation is ever mainly determined by the institutions of domestic life;—and it is to the influence of maternal precept and maternal example upon the mind of childhood, that all the best virtues of manhood may ultimately be traced.

17th. The Venus pleases me more than ever. There is nothing in Rome, or elsewhere, that can be compared with her. There is that mysterious something about her, *quod nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantum*, impressed by the master-touch, which is as inexplicable as the breath of life. It is this incommunicable something, which no copy or cast, however accurate, is able to catch. I doubt whether the same thing can be observed of the Apollo; whence I am inclined to believe the notion, which, it is said, was first started by Flaxman—that the Apollo itself is but a copy. The style of the finishing has certainly not the air of an original work;—it possesses little of

that indefinable spirit and freedom, which are the characteristics of those productions in which the author follows only the conceptions of his own mind. The form and disposition of the drapery are said to afford technical evidence of the strongest kind, that the statue must have been originally executed in bronze; and the materials of which the Apollo is composed, which, it seems, are at last determined to be Italian marble, favour the same opinion.

18th. The Tuscan dialect sounds harshly, and almost unintelligibly, after the soft and sonorous cadence of the Roman pronunciation. However pure the *lingua Toscana* may be, the *bocca Romana* seems necessary to give it smoothness. It is delightful to listen to the musical flow of the words, even independently of their sense. Then how pretty are their diminutives! What answer could be invented more soothing to impatient irritability than—"*momentino, Signore!*" The Romans however are too apt to fall into a sort of sing-song recitative, while the Tuscans—that is, the lower orders—offend you with a guttural rattle, not unlike the Welsh. There is perhaps no country where the dialects vary more than in the different provinces of Italy. The language of Naples and

the Milanese is a sort of Babylonish jargon, little better than gibberish. The origin of the Italian language has long been a subject of discussion. The literati of Florence are fond of tracing it up to Etruscan antiquity. We know that Etruria had a language of its own, distinct from the Latin. This was the language in which the Sybil was supposed to have delivered her oracles, and in which the augurs interpreted the mysteries of their profession. Livy says, "*Habeo auctores, vulgo tum Romanos pueros, sicut nunc Græcis, ita Etruscis literis erudiri solitos.*" This language is by some supposed to have continued to exist during the whole time of the Romans, as the *sermo vulgaris*—the *patois*—which was in common use amongst the peasantry of the country; while the Latin was confined to the higher classes, and the capital;—to the senate, the forum, the stage, and to literature.

This opinion does not seem entirely destitute of probability. We have living evidence in our own island of the difficulty of changing the language of a people. In France too, till within the last half century, the southern provinces were almost utterly ignorant of French; and, even at present, the lower classes of the peasantry never

speak French, but continue to make use of a *patois* of the old Provençal language.

In like manner it is supposed by many, that pure Latin was confined to the capital and to high life; while the ancient Etruscan, which had an additional support in being consecrated to the service of religion, always maintained its ground as the colloquial *patois* of the greatest part of Italy. Thus, when Rome fell, the polished language of the capital fell with it; but the *patois* of the common people remained, and still remains, in an improved edition, in the language of modern Italy. For, if this be not so, we must suppose, first, that the Etruscan was rooted out by the Latin, and that the Latin has again yielded in its turn to a new tongue. But innovations in language are the slowest of all in working their way; and if the pure Latin of the classics had ever been the colloquial language of the common people, some living evidence of it would surely have been discovered, as we now find the ancient language of the Britons lingering in the fastnesses of Wales and Cornwall; but no information is handed down to us by which we can ascertain when Latin was the common spoken language of Italy, or at what period it ceased to exist.

they might be counterbalanced by examples of early Roman inscriptions, which certainly bear more affinity to the modern Italian than to the Latin;—and this would seem to show that the two languages might have existed and gone on progressively together. After considering therefore all that is urged by opposite writers on this subject, one is reduced to the conclusion of Sir Roger de Coverley, of happy memory;—that much may be said on both sides. Thus much is certain; that at least the guttural accent of Tuscany is as old as Catullus, who has ridiculed it in one of his epigrams:

> *Chommoda* dicebat, si quando commoda vellet
> Dicere, et *hinsidias*, Arrius insidias.

19th. An evening at *Fiesole*—which is situated on a commanding eminence, about three miles distant from Florence. The country is now in the highest beauty. Spring is the season for Italy. We have little Spring or Summer in England—except in Thomson's Seasons. Climate, if it do not constitute the happiness, is a very important ingredient in the comfort, of life. An evening or night, in an Italian villa, at this season of nightingales and moonlight, is a most delicious treat.

How could Shakspeare write as he has done, without having been in Italy? Some of his garden scenes breathe the very life of reality. And yet if he had been here, I think he would not have omitted all allusion to the fire-fly, a little flitting insect, that adds much to the charm of the scene. The whole garden is illuminated by myriads of these sparkling lights, sprinkled about with as much profusion as spangles on a lady's gown.

There is something delightfully pleasant in the voluptuous languor which the soft air of an Italian evening occasions;—and then the splendour of an Italian sun-set! I shall never forget the impression made upon me by a particular evening. The sun had just gone down, leaving the whole sky dyed with the richest tints of crimson—while the virgin snows of the distant mountains were suffused with blushes of "celestial rosy red;" when, from an opposite quarter of the heavens, there seemed to rise another sun, as large, as bright, and as glowing, as that which had just departed. It was the moon at the full;—and the illusion was so complete, that it required some few moments to convince me that I was not in Fairy Land.

But one season is wanting; there is no in-

terval between day and night; and the "sober livery" of gray twilight is here unknown. Night, however, of which we know little in England, but as it is connected with fire and candle, is now the most charming period of the whole twenty-four hours; and there are no unwholesome dews, no sore-throat bringing damps, to disturb your enjoyment with fears of to-morrow's consequences.

20th. Left Florence at day-break, travelling as before in a voiturier's carriage; indeed, little would be gained in point of speed by travelling post, between this place and Bologna: for the road is so hilly, that you must necessarily be limited to a foot-pace. I was stopped at the custom-house on re-entering the Papal dominions, where they obliged me to pay the full value of a parcel of Italian books, which I had with me, giving me an order to receive the same again at the frontier custom-house, when I should quit the Pope's dominions. It was explained to me that this was merely intended as a necessary precaution;—for it might be that I was a book-merchant, and wished to sell these books in the Pope's territories, without paying the entrance duties. As there seemed no help for it, I was obliged to comply with the demand; and take

the officer's word that the scrap of paper he gave me would reproduce my money at the opposite extremity of his Holiness's territories.

We slept at the half-way house between Florence and Bologna.

21st. Wild romantic road over the Apennines; —recalling the descriptions of Mrs. Radcliffe in her Romance of Udolpho. Reached Bologna early in the morning. Grand fête of *Corpus Christi.* All the streets were hung with satin, and covered in with splendid awnings, which on this occasion were of more use against the rain than the sun.

One of the most striking ornaments of the town is John of Bologna's bronze Neptune, who presides over a fountain in the great square; but there is a poverty of water, and Neptune seems here—out of his element.

22d. The more you travel, the less you will rely upon the descriptions of guides and itineraries. There are no degrees in their descriptions, and all you collect from them, in general, is the ignorance of the compilers. One of these compares the leaning lump of brick at Bologna, which looks like the chimney of a steam engine blown a little out of the perpendicular, to the

graceful and elegant tower of Pisa. Bologna is very rich in paintings;—the works of Guido, collected here, have shown him to me in a new light; and have convinced me that I had not hitherto formed a just estimate of his merit. There is a force and grandeur in some of these, of which the generality of his pictures gives little indication. The *Crucifixion*, and the *Massacre of the Innocents*, are specimens of the highest excellence of composition and execution.*

It is necessary to come to Bologna, to appreciate properly the excellence of Guido, Domenichino, and the fraternity of Caracci. The *Persecution of the Albigenses*, by Domenichino—a magnificent picture. A *Madonna*, by Ludovico Caracci—exquisitely elegant;—but then it is the elegance and refinement of a woman of fashion. She is not the Madonna, such as Raphael has represented her, and such as she will ever exist personified in the imagination of him who has seen Raphael's pictures. A *Transfiguration*, by the same painter—an admirable conception of a subject which, with reverence to Raphael be it spoken, does not seem adapted to painting.

* The *St. Peter and St. Paul*, which is at Milan, is another specimen of Guido's best manner.

The *Cecilia* of Raphael has, I suspect, been re-touched, and spoilt, at Paris.

Bologna is a clean and well-built town; though the arcades, which project in front of the houses, give it a heavy appearance. The fish-market is excellently arranged, with streams of water running through it, securing cleanliness.

This is a country famous for the excellence of its frogs, though the French alone bear the reproach of eating them;—if reproach there be in eating a very excellent dish.

The reproach might, perhaps, with more reason be directed against the prejudice that prevents us from availing ourselves of the plentiful provision which nature has put within our reach. But I suppose nothing would induce the lower classes in England to have recourse to such means of subsistence, however wholesome and nutritious.

The fish-market was full of frogs, ready prepared for dressing, and trussed upon skewers; in the manner described in a simile of Ariosto, where he says, that Orlando spitted his enemies upon his spear—like frogs upon a skewer.

After a long morning of picture-gazing and sight-seeing, I contrived to reach Tedo in the evening, on my way to Venice.

23d. Halted at noon at Ferrara—a large dull dilapidated town; which contains nothing to interest or detain you, unless you can derive pleasure from visiting the prison in which Tasso was confined, and expectorating a few imprecations against the tyranny of his oppressor; though, perhaps, after all, the more recent opinion may be better founded—that Alphonso confined the insane poet out of pure good will.

Reached Ponte Lago-scuro early in the evening, the last town of the Papal territory; where I was agreeably surprised by the recovery of my deposit-money, without deduction or difficulty;—and so good bye to the Pope and the Cardinals!—with whom I wish to *part* in charity and good humour; though it is difficult to preserve those feelings towards them, amidst the constant vexations to which one is subjected in *travelling* through their dominions.

Quitted my carriage at Lago-scuro; and crossing the Po—which is here much like the Thames at Putney—agreed with the Venetian courier for a place in his boat to Venice. The fare is 17 francs 25 cents; and for this he not only conveys yourself and your baggage a distance of 80 miles, but also provides a table for you on the way.

Excellent boat;—the cabin fitted up with a *settle* on each side the table, in which a seat was elbowed in for each person.

24th. On mounting the deck this morning at sun-rise, I found we had glided about forty miles down the stream in the course of the night, and were at the gate of the lock, where we were to quit the Po, to enter a canal, which connects this river with the Adige. From the height of the Po, it was judged unsafe to open the gate of the lock, for fear of inundating the whole country; so that we were obliged to wait till the courier from Venice arrived with his boat on the other side of the gate.

This occasioned a delay of five hours; and when he did come, we had to shift passengers and baggage on both sides.

We soon got into the Adige; after floating down which for a few miles, we entered another canal, which brought us into one of the *lagune* that lead to Venice.

The accommodations of the passage-boat must be greatly improved since Arthur Young's time, whose description had almost deterred me from venturing the experiment. Every thing was well managed; our courier gave us an admirable din-

ner; and at sun-set we caught a glimpse of the domes of Venice, rising out of the sea.

It was midnight before we reached the post-office.

25th. Breakfasted at a café in the *Piazza of St. Mark.* After threading a narrow line of alleys, not half the width of that of Cranbourne, I came unexpectedly upon this grand square, the first sight of which is very striking. It would be difficult to compare it with any thing. It is *unique;* rich, venerable, magnificent. The congregation of all nations, in their various costumes, who lounge under the purple awnings of the cafés—smoking, playing at chess, and quaffing coffee—add much to its embellishment, and are in character with the buildings; where all orders of architecture seem jumbled together. The cathedral certainly belongs to no single one;—it is of a mixed breed, between a Mahometan mosque and a Christian church; but, when it was built, the imaginations of the Venetians were full of Constantinople, and the glorious exploits of Dandolo. The famous horses which he brought in triumph to Venice, as the trophies of his conquest of Constantinople, have again resumed their place over the portal of the cathedral.

In this age of scepticism, it is doubted whether these are indeed the famous horses of Lysippus which have made so much noise in history, connected with the names of Nero, Trajan, and Constantine; and a passage is quoted from the Byzantine Fathers, to prove that they were cast at Chios, so late as the fourth century. However this be, I think they are scarcely worth the trouble that has been taken about them, that is, for any merit they have as representations of horses;—though, if their identity be made out, they are great curiosities, as historical memorials of the rapacity of conquerors, and the instability of fortune. The fashion of *hogging* the mane, ugly as it is, may plead the example of these horses in its favour. They were reinstated in their former place at Venice, with great pomp and ceremony; and the Emperor Francis has recorded in a golden inscription, the robbery of the French, and his own triumph:

QUATUOR EQUORUM SIGNA A VENETIS BYZANTIO CAPTA, AD TEMP. D. MAR. A. R. S. MCCIV POSITA—QUÆ HOSTILIS CUPIDITAS A. MDCCCIII ABSTULERAT—FRANC. I. IMP. PACIS ORBI DATÆ TROPHÆUM A. MDCCCXV VICTOR REDUXIT.

I rejoice that the horses have been restored,

and that France has been made to disgorge all her plunder; but they should not throw stones who live in a house of glass. The French had surely as much right to take them from Venice, as Dandolo had to bring them thither;—in both cases, it was but the right of the strongest.

Before the door of the cathedral stand three bare poles, where formerly the flags of Crete, Cyprus, and the Morea, the three vassal kingdoms of the haughty republic, floated in the wind.

26th. Though there is enough in the historical recollections of Venice, to invest it with great interest, yet there is a further and more powerful fascination in its scenery, which is derived from the magic illusions of poetry.

At least, in my own case, I confess that I thought more of Shakspeare and Otway—Othello and Shylock—Pierre and Jaffier—than of Dandolo and all his victories. It is wonderful how *place* aids the effect of poetry. Went over the Ducal Palace, and sat in the seat of the Doge. The hall, where the senate used to assemble, remains in its ancient state. The chamber in which the famous Council of Ten held their

meetings was converted by Napoleon into a Court of Cassation.

The hall of the general assembly is now a library; where there are some beautiful remains of ancient sculpture. The rape of Ganymede is an exquisite little morsel, and is thought to be the work of Phidias himself. Leda and her Swan is a *bijou* in the same taste. It is surprising that the French, who knew so well what to steal, should have overlooked two articles that might have been so easily carried away.

The famous lion's mouth is destroyed. The bridge of Sighs—*il Ponte dei Sospiri*—connects the ducal palace with the state-prison. Criminals were brought through a covered way over this bridge, from their dungeons, to the tribunal of the Council of Ten. Criminal proceedings are still carried on in secret, and I saw to-day a man being conducted back to prison after trial, through the covered passage over the bridge of Sighs.

It is impossible to walk through these splendid chambers, decorated with pictures commemorating the most brilliant achievements, and the most signal examples, of the ancient power and glory of

the Venetian republic, without feeling sorrow for its present condition. The only consolation the people seem to feel is something like king Arthur's in Tom Thumb, who congratulates himself that he has at least outlived all his neighbours;

> "Thus all our pack upon the floor is cast,
> And my sole boast is, that I die the last."

Thus, the Venetians appeal with triumph to their fourteen centuries of power;—a longer duration than that enjoyed by any other people on record. Fourteen centuries were indeed a pretty long reign; but, in fact, the republic had ceased to exist before the invasion of the French. Napoleon gave the *coup de grace*, but the life of the commonwealth was already expiring. The government had degenerated into an oligarchical tyranny, of all tyrannies the most detestable; and the people had nothing left to fight for. It is ever thus; for it seems, that there is in all governments a tendency to abuse, and it ought perhaps rather to excite surprise that Venice endured so long, than that she fell at last.

The Doge and his Privy Council yielded without a struggle at the first approach of the enemy; and instead of dying "with harness on

their back," they betrayed the interests of their country, to make favourable terms for themselves with the conqueror. Junot delivered Buonaparte's threatening letter to the Doge himself in council; thus insulting him to his face by the grossest breach of the laws of the republic. In the last scene of all, the Doge had the baseness to propose, and the Grand Council had the baseness to consent to, a still more disgraceful compliance with the demands of Buonaparte; who insisted, as a preliminary condition to a treaty, that the three State Inquisitors, and the naval commander, who had alone evinced courage to do their duty in the defence of their country, should for this very performance of their duty, be arrested and brought to trial.

A few days afterwards, the Doge and the Council in full assembly, with pusillanimous unanimity, voted their own abdication. Such was the last inglorious act of a republic that had endured for fouteen hundred years—"Oh lame and impotent conclusion!"

Thus fell the Republic of Venice; and when a republic does fall,—she falls like Lucifer, never to rise again. If there had been no hostility on the part of the great ones of the world to the re-

establishment of her free government, I believe it would have been impossible to find in Venice that life-blood of public spirit, which is necessary to restore animation and energy to the body politic of a commonwealth. A republic indeed cannot be *restored;* it is a constitution that must be claimed, and won, by the spirit and courage of the people themselves; and where these qualities are wanting, a republic would not be maintained if it were restored. It is not every people that is fit to be free; and Machiavel has long ago pronounced, that to make a servile people free, is as difficult a task, as to make a free people slaves.

27th. Established myself at the *Albergo Favretti,* near the grand ducal palace, commanding a fine view of the sea. I should prefer this in all respects to either of the two great hotels, even if it had not many recommendations on the score of economy. I give my landlord seven francs per day; for which I have an excellent room, with breakfast and dinner, both good of their kind. Venice abounds in all sorts of fish;—mullet, thunny, an excellent variety of the sturgeon, and the S. Pietro, or, as it is sometimes called,—*Il*

Janitore—from which is derived our own corruption of *John Dory*.

A tour amongst churches and palaces; but I am tired of churches as curiosities to be stared at; and having seen St. Peter's, I shall content myself with the maxim of *omne majus continet in se minus*, and be satisfied with my own parish church for the rest of my life.

Venice is rich in the works of her own Titian; his two most celebrated pictures are the *Martyrdom of a St. Peter*—not the apostle—in the church of St. John and St. Paul, and the *Assumption of the Virgin*, in the academy.

Connoisseurs have lavished encomiums upon these productions of Titian in the grand style of composition, but I confess, I like him better when he confines himself to "the primrose path of dalliance;" for it is in the representation of the soft and the beautiful, embellished with all the rich and glowing varieties of colour, that he seems to follow the bent of his genius, and to paint *con amore*. There are also many splendid works of Paul Veronese, and of Tintoretto.

Visited the Arsenal; where there were accommodations for building six and thirty ships of

war, under cover;—but the ships and the commerce of Venice have vanished with its freedom. There is now scarcely a cock-boat in the harbour. The vulgar are taught to believe, that England abstained from exercising her influence in procuring the restoration of the Republic, from feelings of commercial jealousy. Nobody seems to doubt our power to have effected this good work, both in the case of Venice and of Genoa. But, if it really were in our power, it is indeed difficult to account for our supineness. All commercial considerations would have prompted us to further this measure; for, excluded as our manufactures are from the Continental States—at least, as far as the governments can exclude them—it would have been greatly to the advantage of England, that free commercial states should have been established at Venice and Genoa, which would have afforded channels of communication for the introduction of English goods to the whole south of Europe. Austria would willingly, if she could, exclude all English manufactures; but the effect of her rigorous prohibitions is to put that money into the pockets of the custom-house officers, which she would otherwise receive herself, in the shape of duties.

The bribery of the custom-house has been reduced to a regular system, and the insurance of the safe arrival of goods at Vienna is negotiated upon an accurate calculation of these expenses.

In the evening I mounted to the top of St. Mark's tower, where Galileo used to hold commerce with the skies. It commands a fine panoramic view of Venice, and shows you all the details of this wonderful town, which rises out of the waters like the ark of the deluge.

The height of the tower is about 330 feet, and when you look down to the busy crowds below, in St. Mark's Place, they look like bees in a hive, or ants in a molehill, crawling about without any apparent object.

28th. The gondolas afford a pleasant lounging mode of moving about Venice. These light sharp-beaked boats glide along with great rapidity. In the middle of them is a sort of tented cabin, covered with a black cloth awning, which gives them a very funereal appearance. This universal black colour was imposed by a sumptuary law of the Republic, to check the extravagant expense in which it had become the fashion to indulge, in fitting up these vessels. At night, they carry lanterns attached to the prow and stern, and the

effect of these lights, scudding along in all directions, while the vessels that carry them are invisible, is very pleasing.

There are only eight horses in Venice: four are of brass, over the gate of the cathedral; and the other four are alive in Lord Byron's stable. The little island of Lido affords room for a short canter. The Venetian women are superb;—there is something peculiarly bewitching in their air and gait: but, I believe, they are but little changed since the time of Iago, and that still

> "In Venice they do let Heaven see the pranks
> They dare not show their Husbands."

Walked upon the Rialto;—if no more were included under this name than the single arch across the canal, the congregation of merchants before whom Antonio used to rate Shylock must have been a small one;—nor could Pierre well have chosen a worse place for "his evening walk of meditation."

The fact is, however, that the little island which formed the cradle of Venice, where the first church was built by the fugitives from the persecution of Attila, was called Riva-alta, or Rialto. Here too was the Exchange where the merchants met. In

process of time the bridge leading to this island was called the Rialto, and has at last become the sole proprietor of the name.

In the evening to the opera. Venice is the land of late hours: the scene in St. Mark's Place at midnight is more gay and animated than at any hour of the day; and it is after the opera that evening parties and *conversazioni* commence. The Gondoliers no longer sing the verses of Tasso; but you are frequently regaled with beautiful music from parties of *dilettanti* musicians. I ought to record, as an instance of the obliging civility of the Italians, that I met a serenading party in a Gondola to-night, singing very beautifully to their guitars the songs of a favourite opera. Supposing they were professional people, and under the idea that I was to make them a recompense, I detained them half an hour; and it was not till they explained their refusal of any remuneration that I found it was a nobleman's family returning from an excursion to Padua.

The cafés in the Place of St. Mark are brilliantly lighted, and you might fancy, when you see it for the first time, that it was a gala night of extraordinary occurrence. The shops under the arcades are very handsome, particularly those of jewellery.

One of the principal manufactures is that of gold chain, which is brought to the greatest perfection. The price of the chain is in proportion to its diminutiveness. I gave twenty francs for a small specimen, not more than an inch and a half long, of the *ne plus ultra* of this manufacture: it is worked with the aid of microscopic glasses, and seems to be the absolute minimum of all that is little.

29th. I was awakened from my dreams of poetry this morning by a sharp east wind from the Adriatic; bringing with it, as usual to me, cough and fever, attended with a most oppressive defluxion upon the lungs. What a miserable thing it is to depend upon the wind for the power to breathe!—especially at Venice, where you are not allowed to take what physic you please without the assistance of a physician. I sent a prescription to a druggist, and though the strongest ingredient in it was paregoric elixir, the answer he returned was, that he might not sell so potent a potion without medical sanction.

I thought of Romeo's apothecary; but my friend was less compliant than his, for he persisted in his refusal; and as I was equally reso-

lute not to comply with his condition, I must have gone without my draught—which perhaps would have been the best course of all—if my friend the Vice-Consul had not supplied me from the consular medicine chest.

Passed the morning at the Armenian convent; —a very interesting establishment, where, as long as the present librarian—Father Paschal Aucher —a man of great learning, very extensive knowledge of the world, and most amiable manners,—continues in office, a few hours may be passed most agreeably.

Went afterwards to the Campo di S. Maria Formosa to see the house of the "*proud Priuli;*" which still belongs to the family of that name. The east wind continues with such biting severity, that I feel I cannot stay here, and so, to-morrow —"I must away toward Padua."

30th. Left Venice in the courier's boat, and arrived at Padua in the evening. The voyage is dull and uninteresting. The banks of the Brenta are just high enough to prevent your view of the country, without possessing any beauty in themselves to render them interesting.

I found the apothecaries at Padua more accom-

modating than at Venice;—and if I had been inclined to swallow poison, I should have met with no obstruction.

31st. Engaged with a *vetturino* for a place in his carriage to Milan. I should have, as usual, engaged a small carriage to myself, but the pleasure of this mode of travelling depends much upon the state of the weather, and the character of the scenery through which you pass. In the present case, the rain is pouring down in torrents; and the plain of Lombardy offers no great promise of picturesque beauty; so that I prefer studying life and manners in the inside of a vetturino's coach. By the way, these *vetturini* are the greatest scoundrels upon earth, excepting perhaps the jackals or *finders*,* who hunt down their prey for them. This is a regular profession in all the towns of Italy; and a tribe of these fellows is constantly on the look-out for travellers, whom they cheat of course as much as they can;—for their own profit consists of so much *per cent.*

* The Italian designation of the *finder* is *Sensale.* He fleeces the Vetturino without mercy; and in some of the petty states the latter is *obliged* to have recourse to him, and not allowed to make his bargain for himself; the *Sensale* being the agent of the Police, who must also have their share of the plunder.

upon the bargain they make in behalf of their employers.

My companions are a ci-devant captain of infantry, in the army of the kingdom of Italy, who had served in Spain for many years, and who retired in disgust when his country was subjected to the government of Austria, and two Italian ladies of the *negoziante* class. We halted in the evening at Vicenza. The rain prevented my attempting to see any thing, but I console myself with hoping that there was nothing to see.

June 1st. Another day of rain. My military companion is a very intelligent man, and we have had much friendly discussion on all subjects, except politics—or, I should rather say, except military topics. It is truly provoking, after the achievements of the English at Waterloo, that their countrymen should have to fight the battle over again, as one ever has to do, when the subject is canvassed out of England.

The truth in this, as in most cases, will be found to lie in the middle; between the exaggerated pretensions of the English, who insist upon having gained a complete victory, and the ridiculous extravagancies of the French, who would wish to talk themselves and all the world into a

belief that, *if* the Prussians had not robbed them of their prey, they should have annihilated the English. A calm retrospect of the objects that the two leaders proposed to themselves will, I think, show clearly how the question really stands between the English and the French, without embarrassing it with the Prussian co-operation.

Napoleon's object was to carry the English army by storm, and thus gain Brussels before the arrival of the Prussians;—he pointed out the road to his soldiers with exultation—he triumphed by anticipation in the idea that, at last, he had got the English within his gripe;—"*Ah! pour le coup je les tiens donc, ces Anglais;*"—and so confident was he of success, that he had prepared printed proclamations, dated from the royal palace at Brussels. The Duke of Wellington's object seems to have been simply to prevent this, by standing his ground, and keeping the enemy at bay till he should be joined by his ally.

This is all that the Duke of Wellington proposed to himself to do, and this is what he did do most completely and triumphantly, *proprio marte*. It is to the having repulsed the enemy, and defeated his object, that the claims of the English should be limited;—and this is claim

enough. Then come the Prussians, and convert this repulse into a rout; and now, those who ran away would fain hope, that between the English and the Prussians—as in the old fable of the stools—the glory of the day may rest upon neither.

The evening cleared up as we approached Verona, the environs of which are beautiful; and the town itself has a gay and pleasing appearance.

The amphitheatre has suffered little from the lapse of centuries, and it serves as an explanatory key to the great Coliseum at Rome. I have observed here again, that the mind is more impressed with the grandeur of what it has seen, by a subsequent comparison of its recollections with smaller objects of the same kind, than by the actual contemplation of the objects themselves. Thus the amphitheatre of Verona has made me more sensible of the prodigious scale of the Coliseum, than I was when within the walls of the Coliseum itself.

I went in the evening to the theatre; but the house was dull, dark, and dirty; and the audience seemed to come with any other object rather than to hear the play, for they talked amongst themselves as loud as the actors on the stage.

When there is no sympathy between the actor and the audience, nothing can be more tiresome than a play. The re-action is wanting, to give it spirit; for when a play goes off well, it is, I believe, because the audience bring at least one half the entertainment along with them.

2d. Halted to breakfast at *Desenzano;* on the bank of the *Lago di Garda.* On the island in the lake are the remains of Catullus's villa. We were now passing over the scenes of Buonaparte's Italian campaigns, and my military companion was very eloquent in the praise of the ci-devant Emperor. It is truly surprising, to witness the enthusiasm of feeling which this man has excited in his favour amongst those who have served under him. My companion spoke of the effect of his appearance on the field of battle, in its influence upon the spirits of his army, as something supernatural. No man could ever act the hero better, when it suited his purpose; and no man ever attained in greater perfection the art of gaining that ascendency over his followers, which constitutes the spell that strong minds hold over weak ones.

He seems to have had a very happy knack in speaking as well as acting *the sublime.* The cap-

tain gave me two instances of this kind. At the battle of Lodi, there was a battery of the enemy, which was making dreadful havoc amongst the French ranks; and repeated attempts had been made to storm it in vain. An officer came to Buonaparte to represent to him the importance of making another effort to silence it; when he put himself at the head of a party, exclaiming, *Qu'elle se taise!* and carried it by storm. On another occasion, he was giving some impracticable orders, which were humbly represented to him to be *impossible;* when he burst out—*Comment? ce mot n'est pas Français.* The most remarkable feature in the character of this strange being is his inconsistency; displaying, as he does, at different times, the most opposite extremes of great and little—magnificence and meanness. This inconsistency, however, is sufficiently explained by his utter want of fixed principles of right and wrong. What can be expected from him who laughs at religion, and does not even possess a sense of honour to keep him steady in the path of greatness! Selfishness seems to have been the foundation of his system, the only principle which he acknowledged; and this will reconcile all the apparent inconsistencies of his

conduct. Every thing was right to him that conduced to his own interest, by any means, however wrong; and as his mind seems to have had the power of expanding with his situation, so it had an equal power of contracting again; and he could at once descend from the elevation of his throne, to the pettiest considerations connected with his altered condition; accommodating himself in a moment to all the variations of fortune. In a word, he was the Garrick of the great stage of the world, who could play the leading part in imperial Tragedy—carrying terror and pity into all bosoms—and re-appearing in the part of Scrub in the after-piece, with equal truth and fidelity of representation. We might admire the equanimity of such a temperament, if we did not find it associated with such a selfish and exclusive attention to his own personal safety, as robs it of all claims to our applause. After all, he is a truly extraordinary being—a wonderful creature, furnishing the most curious subject for examination to those who, abstractedly from all the national and political feelings of the present time, can consider him merely as a singular phenomenon, an anomalous variety in the strange history of human nature.

Whatever *we* may think of him in England, he is the great idol of adoration in this country. The people carry a little bronze image of him—like a Roman household God—in their waistcoat pockets, which they kiss with every mark of affection: and yet this very people helped to pull down the statues of the Emperor at his abdication. How is this to be explained, and what could have been the charms of Napoleon's dominion? Is it the natural fickleness of mankind? or is it that the people were taught to believe, when Napoleon should be put down, a better order of things would be established; but finding now, that though *he* has lost every thing, *they* have gained nothing, a re-action has taken place in public opinion, and the sentiment in his favour is increased, by mixing up their own disappointment along with it.

The Austrians rule Italy with a rod of iron; or, as the Italians say, they rule it as if they were to be turned out of possession to-morrow. The conscription, the taxes, the rigid exclusion of English manufactures, are all continued; and the *manner* in which their oppressors exercise their rule is as offensive to the Italians as its spirit. They are utterly without the *suaviter in modo,*

which made the French individually popular, in spite of their oppressions; and the Italians always speak of the *Tedeschi*, as *la brutta gente*.*

It is impossible not to sympathize with the Italians in their complaints; but the domestic jealousy of one another, that exists amongst the different States, will stand in the way of any general effort to throw off the foreign yoke, which galls them so severely; to say nothing of that softness of character, approaching to imbecility, which seems to incapacitate them from sustaining the perils of such a struggle. Though there is much more firmness of tone in the character of the northern than of the southern inhabitants of Italy, yet my companion inveighed with vehement bitterness against the apathy of his countrymen; and his constant prayer was, that the Austrians might carry their tyranny so

* The popular sentiment was strongly manifested, during the late visit of the Emperor of Austria to his Lombardo-Venetian dominions. The Emperor was at the opera at Venice, with Maria-Louisa the wife of Napoleon. The audience were clamorous in their applause, and so particular in directing it to the Ex-Empress, that, as the best way of appeasing the tumult, Maria-Louisa quitted the theatre. The audience however rose with her, and accompanied her home, leaving the Emperor of Austria

"With a beggarly account of empty boxes!"

far, as to inflict daily a hundred blows of the bastinado upon every Italian; expressing his willingness to be the first to submit to this discipline. Upon my asking him what he meant, he explained, that he thought this, and nothing less than this, might rouse his countrymen to a general insurrection, to free Italy from the intolerable oppression of their German masters.

The spirit of the Austrian government was signally displayed, in conferring upon a *German* the Archbishopric of Milan, the highest ecclesiastical preferment in their Italian territory, and worth about 8,000*l.* per annum.

We have had some taste of the rigour of their police, in the vexatious examination of our passports and baggage at every town through which we have passed.

The captain replies to all my sallies of impatience by a significant shrug, adding, with a sort of sarcastic submission to his lot—*Væ victis!* and then exclaiming, with an indefinable expression,

> "Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor!"

We arrived late in the evening at Brescia.

3d. Off again at sun-rise. It perhaps may

be reckoned among the advantages of travelling with a voiturier—with whom "*lucet, eamus!*" is a standing order of the day—that it soon accustoms you to rise at day-break without effort or fatigue. Nothing can be more uninteresting than the dull flat plain of Lombardy, where there is little to please any eye but the eye of the agriculturist. The land indeed is as rich and fat as land can be, yielding four hay-harvests in the year. Besides, the whole plain is almost one continued vineyard, and the vine is not here the little dwarfish plant that it is in other places, but is trained to hang from tree to tree in rich festoons, as it is described by Virgil.

The mulberry is the common tree of the soil, which is cultivated rather for the sake of the leaves than the fruit. These are stripped off, as soon as they arrive at maturity, to feed the silk-worms. This operation had just been performed, and the poor naked trees looked wofully out of fashion, at this season, when every scrub of a bramble is dressed out in a new suit of green livery; but nature soon provides another set of leaves, and the silk-worms get a second harvest.

Our vetturino crawled along more sluggishly

than usual, and we had nothing to interest us in the way of novelty, but occasional fields of rice, which were a new sight to me.

Halted for the night at Caravaggio.

4th. Vive le Roi!—My female companions talked a great deal to-day of England, and of English manners. They made the same charge against us, which is made by all the world, of pride and hauteur. In the course of our route to day, we saw a chariot at a distance advancing towards us. The ladies clapped their hands together and cried out, *Eccolo! Eccolo! Inglesi! Inglesi!* I asked them how they knew at such a distance to what nation the carriage belonged, when they laughingly pointed to the female domestic on the box. They cannot see the propriety of the distance which is preserved between English masters and their domestics—especially female domestics. The sight of a *female* posted on the outside of the vehicle shocked their notions of the deference and courtesy due to the sex—all considerations of rank out of the question—and was considered by them as an unpardonable act of high-treason against the divine right of womanhood; nor could I make them understand that

the Abigail was probably better pleased to accompany her fellow servant on the box, than to be admitted inside, subject to the constraint arising out of unequal association.

CHAPTER X.

Milan—Lake of Como—Lago Maggiore—Borromean Isles—Simplon Road—Goitres—Cretins—Clarens—Chillon—Inundation at Martigny—Mont St. Bernard—Lake of Geneva—Lausanne.

THE approach to Milan is very grand; as soon as you pass the gate, you enter a noble street, as broad as Piccadilly, with a wide trottoir on each side for foot passengers. All this is the work of the French.

Established myself at the Albergo Imperiale; where I have engaged to give nine francs per day for my rooms, breakfast and dinner.

There is something disagreeable at first to English feelings, in making a previous bargain for your entertainment at an inn; but it is the only way of securing yourself from a greater evil—a final dispute. Those to whom economy is an object, will find their advantage in this practice; for if the inn-keeper is made to understand that you do not travel *en grand Seigneur*, as the great mass of English are supposed to do, he will moderate his demands to your own terms,

rather than allow you to seek another inn. Amongst the minor mortifications of a limited purse, there are few more disagreeable than the necessity it imposes of attending to considerations from which the rich man is exempt. What's to pay? is the only question he need ask upon his travels—and the answer to him is of small importance.

5th. The Cathedral;—a *new* cathedral, especially if it be built of white marble, as is the case at Milan, is an ugly staring thing. In the inside there is a curious subterranean chapel, in which the body of the Patron Saint, Charles of Borromeo, is deposited. He was one of the best and most amiable men of his time, and was committed quietly to the peace of the grave, amidst the respect and regret of his contemporaries. Some twenty years after his death, however, his canonization took place; upon which, his body was removed from its former tenement, and deposited in state in this splendid tomb; where he is now exhibited as a spectacle to every curious stranger, at so much a head. This little chapel is all gold and silver, and the saint himself, arrayed in splendid robes, is laid in a case of transparent crystal. The face is visible—"grinning horribly

a ghastly smile"—as if he felt the bitter sarcasm conveyed by the contrast of his present situation with the motto of his life—*Humilitas!*

Went to the Mint; where you may see in a few minutes the whole process of coining, from the rough bar of silver to the finished piece of money.

The whole of the machinery is worked by water; that part of it which stamps the impression works 1,500 pieces in an hour. The last act of the process is verifying the coin. The balance used for this purpose is so delicately constructed, that the eight-hundredth part of a grain is sufficient to turn the scale.

Napoleon certainly excelled all the world in money-making. His Italian coin is perfect—at once handsome, commodious, and intelligible—and this last article is of great use to a stranger. In our own imitation of this coinage, how is a stranger to know that a shilling is a shilling—except by inspiration? In the Italian Mint, the coin speaks for itself, and the value is inscribed on it in legible characters.

They still continue to stamp the gold pieces of forty and twenty francs, and the silver pieces of five francs, with the image of Napoleon.

The coinage of the smaller money is discontinued.

6th. Drove to the *Piazza Castello;* where there was a review of Austrian troops. The General rode on the ground, attended by his staff most sumptuously caparisoned. The infantry were all padded out about the chest, and skrewed in about the waist; according to the fashion that has sprung up, of improving nature's model.—"Heaven has given us one shape, and we make ourselves another."

From hence I went to the Amphitheatre of Napoleon, capable of containing 40,000 persons; the seats are cut out of the shelving bank, and are covered with living turf. Here were given, in imitation of the games of antiquity, splendid fêtes, with horse and chariot races, and naumachia. There are channels constructed for filling the area of the Amphitheatre with water.

A grand gala is now in preparation, to celebrate in the same place the birth-day of the present Vice-Roy, an Archduke of Austria. At the further extremity of the town, at the commencement of the Simplon route, is the unfinished arch of Triumph, which was designed to record the glory of Napoleon.

The *bas-relief* ornaments were all finished, representing his victories over the Austrians;—the surrender of General Mack, and his own triumphal entry into Milan; and these things still remain, as if Austria thought the piece was not over, and that there might yet be

"A rare fifth act to crown this huffing play;"

when these decorations would be called for.

Leonardo da Vinci's famous picture of *The Last Supper*, in the refectory of the convent of the *Madonna delle Grazie*, is almost gone. The magnificent copy of it in mosaic, which was undertaken under the auspices of Napoleon, is finished; but it has been sent off to Vienna! the excellencies of this great work however will still live in the admirable engraving of Morghen.

Lounged in the evening in the public gardens, which form an agreeable promenade. Here is a theatre without a roof, open to the heavens, where an Italian tragedy was performed.

One is so accustomed to *stage lights*, that a play by day-light strikes one as a monstrous performance. And indeed, all prejudice out of the question, day-light destroys entirely the illusion of the scene;—at least as long as the scenes are

made of painted canvass, and the actor's dresses of tags and tinsel.

If the stage were indeed the marble palace that it is made to represent—as was probably the case in the ancient theatres, if we may judge from the marble of the proscenium that still remains—and if every other decoration "savoured equally of the reality"—the light of day and of truth might be safely admitted.

The play was dreadfully dull, and the actors imitated nature most abominably.

In the evening I went to the theatre of Marionettes, a very clever exhibition, where puppets of four feet high moved about, and performed all the action of the scene with great spirit and propriety, while the voices were supplied by persons from behind the scene;—so that of the two entertainments it would be fair to say, that in the one the puppets acted like men, and in the other the men acted like puppets.

7th. Cold wet day. Italian gossips. Universal outcry against the "*paternal government*" of Austria. By the way, this cant phrase seems to be appropriated, as if in a spirit of mockery, to the very worst governments in Europe; unless indeed it be taken from the old adage of "he

who spareth the rod spoileth the child," which seems to be the leading maxim of the paternal governments, in their conduct to their subject states.—Engaged a vetturino for twenty francs a day, to carry me to Lausanne, by any route I should choose, and to pay my board and lodging expenses on the road.

8th. Rose at day-break;—but my vetturino showed the caitiff so strongly at the very first step, by a breach of his agreement, that I was obliged to determine my contract with him at once.

Breakfasted at a café adjoining my hotel. Some hours afterwards, in an opposite quarter of the town, I missed my purse, containing about seventy Napoleons, which was all the money I had in the world. Remembering that I had taken it out at breakfast, I immediately set out on my return to the café; though with very little expectation of recovering it.—As I walked along, I bethought me of the physiognomy of the waiter, and drew the most unfavourable conclusions from the knavish expression which I began to recollect in it; and then I arranged the best mode of conducting my queries, with a view to arrive at the truth, in spite of the lies which I took it for

granted I should have to encounter. Upon entering the café, however, before I had spoken a word, he advanced towards me, with my purse in his hand, saying—*Ecco, Signore!*

I record this, as one of the many but perhaps the strongest instance that I have met with, of the honesty of the Italian people. This lad might have taken my purse without the possibility of detection, and almost without suspicion; for numbers of persons were then breakfasting in the room, and many others must have entered it during the time of my absence; and the confusion and crowd of an Italian café would have made it the easiest thing in the world for any one to take up the purse with the newspaper that I left with it on the table.

Went in the evening to the theatre; where Alfieri's tragedy of Mirra was performed. The subject is revolting; but Alfieri has managed it with great skill, and in the representation there is nothing to disgust. On the contrary, I have seldom seen a tragedy where the distress is more affecting. The actress who played Mirra did it to the life;—her first entrance told the whole story of the play; and the part is so managed, as to excite pity and sympathy for Mirra, in spite of

the odious passion of which she is the victim. If terror and pity be the objects of tragedy, the part of Mirra is admirably contrived to excite both these feelings in the highest degree; for, while you shudder at the terrible workings and fearful energy of her passion, the struggles of her own native innocence of mind, and the horror with which she regards herself, make the strongest appeal to your compassion.

They manage their Theatres better, in one respect at least, than we do in England. The hour of commencement, instead of being the same all the year round, varies with the season,—and the curtain does not rise till the sun has set.

9th. Having accidentally encountered a voiturier, whose carriage and appointments are better than usual, I have engaged him to carry me, and me alone, whithersoever I will, for twenty francs a day; which is to include the common expenses on the road. My first stage has been to Como; and I have passed the day on the lake, enjoying all the pleasure that a fine landscape can give. What that pleasure is would perhaps be more difficult to describe than the landscape itself, differing so much as it does in different people; for how much more will one person see in a

landscape than another, and even the same person than himself, at different times! He certainly made a notable discovery who first laid it down that beauty does not reside in things themselves, but in the eye that sees it; and every eye sees a different beauty. I have heard a man argue that there was nothing in nature equal to the *scenery* of Covent-Garden; Dr. Johnson used to say there was nothing like Fleet-street; and every man, I believe, thinks the finest prospect in the world is that which commands a view over his own land.

But he is little to be envied who is dead to the enthusiasm of nature, whose heart and feelings are out of the reach of her influence, and who is insensible to the tranquil enjoyment which is derived from the contemplation of such charming pictures as the Lake of Como will present to him.

The spot from which this noble lake is seen to most advantage, is from a point immediately opposite the *Fiume di Latte*, a romantic little waterfall, which forms a succession of miniature cascades, from a height of several hundred feet, amongst the vineyards with which the side of the mountain is planted. There is a spot, opposite to this

waterfall, from which you command a prospect of the whole scene, without the disadvantage of a bird's-eye view. You have the three branches of the lake under your eye at once. The principal one extends northward, in the direction of Chiavenna; with the mountains of *Val Tellina*, and the Julian Alps, for its more distant boundary. Full in front is the *Monte Legnone;* which, though not ranking, as Eustace ranks it, amongst the highest Alps, nor retaining its snow in summer, is yet, from its bold rugged form and its insulated position, one of the grandest and most commanding of them. To the south you look upon the other two branches leading to Lecco, and to Como. This branch of the lake, from Menagio to Como, is of a very different character from the northern branch; and though it is very beautiful, and at once wild and highly cultivated—with its banks studded with villas and villages—yet it wants the grander features of the northern prospect. At the villa Pliniana, the well, with its rustic masonry, is apparently in much the same state as in Pliny's time, whose descriptive epistle is engraven on a tablet in the wall. The lake abounds with fish. I came up with the boats of a party of fishermen as they were hauling in

their nets, in which was a fine trout of fourteen pounds.

The inhabitants of the country about Como have a rage for seeing the world. They traverse all countries with pictures and barometers for sale; and when they have scraped together a little money, they return from their wanderings to pass the evenings of their days and lay their bones in their own country—a desire that seems to be natural to all mankind—"*dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.*"

The itinerant Italians, who carry on this traffic in England, will nine times in ten be found to come from Como.

10th. Passed through Varese to Laveno, where I embarked my carriage to pass over the *Lago Maggiore* to Baveno, while I put myself into another boat to make a wider survey of the scenery of the lake.

There is nothing in this, not perhaps in any other lake, that can be put in competition with the view from that point of the lake of Como which I have before alluded to; but the *Lago Maggiore* is, I think, more interesting than the southern branch of the Como lake; because, with the same soft features in the bosom scenery,

there is, in the character of the hills immediately on its brink, a boldness and grandeur, which heighten the impression of the whole by the powerful aid of contrast.

Amongst this bosom scenery, if the expression may be allowed, are the Borromean Islands;—*Isola Bella*, and *Isola Madre*;—the magic creation of labour and taste. Originally barren rocks, they have been furnished with soil, and planted with groves of cedar, cypress, citron, and orange-trees, and decorated with gardens, grottoes, and terraces. In the midst of this fairy land, which might serve as a model for a description of the island of Calypso, is the Palace, as it is called; which is not the stately comfortless pile usually designated by that name, but a delightful villa, combining elegance with comfort. I observed here, what I have not seen elsewhere; the statues have a drapery of real gauze thrown about them, which does not in fact conceal any thing, though it seems to do so. The effect is not unpleasing; and, if it be the result of prudery, it is a much better expedient than a fig-leaf.

I could have lingered at Baveno a month, during this delicious season; and I was on the point of dismissing my voiturier; but something

is constantly whispering in my ear to hasten to Lausanne, where I expect letters from England. How are we to explain that presentiment of what is to come, or of what has already happened at a distance from us, whether of good or evil—though chiefly, I believe, of the latter—which every body has felt more or less? It may be doubted how much, or even whether any, deference should be paid to those secret intimations. For my own part, I am not prepared to disregard them altogether. If it be a delusion, it is as old as Socrates, and may rank him amongst its victims. There is something strange and inexplicable in it; but so there is in all the links of that mysterious chain of attraction and repulsion, affinity and hostility, sympathy and antipathy, by which all the parts of nature are united and separated. *Second-sight*, as it is called, by which, according to some, the fate of the absent has been often so unaccountably communicated, may be but one of the many phænomena of this mysterious system, of which we know so little. There may be nothing really more surprising in this—though we are less able to explain it--than in the common fact of striking upon the chord of a violin, which produces a corresponding vibration in another that is in uni-

son with it;—unless, indeed, we are prepared to decide that human heart-strings are made of less susceptible stuff than the strings of a fiddle.

11th. *Baveno* is on the grand Simplon road, which I now entered upon for the first time. It is lined on both sides with short granite pillars, about the size of a common English mile-stone, placed, in regular succession, at very short intervals—scarcely more than six feet apart—which, on the edge of a precipice, are also surmounted with a wooden rail. The scenery soon becomes interesting, but it is not till you pass Domo d' Ossola, and begin to wind up the Val Vedro, that you are introduced into the heart and core of the Alpine recesses.

Near *Crevola*, where you begin to ascend, there lies on one side of the road a vast column of granite, wrought from a neighbouring quarry; which was on its way to Milan, to form a part of Napoleon's triumphal arch, when the news of his reverses arrested its progress. It is perhaps, in its present situation, a more striking monument of fallen greatness, than it would have been at Milan of prosperous ambition.

In passing through the sublime and stupendous scenery of this part of the Alps, Napoleon will

have no inconsiderable share in exciting your wonder; especially if you are a disciple of that sect which sees nothing sublime or beautiful that is not founded on *utility*.

For while you gaze with astonishment at the monstrous masses which nature has here heaped one upon another, in every mode of shapeless desolation, and feel that sensation of awe which it is the effect of such scenery to produce, by impressing the mind with a vague but overwhelming idea of the power of the mighty Master of nature—It is impossible not to be filled with admiration of the man who had the boldness to undertake, and the genius to accomplish, a complete triumph over such fearful obstacles. In this, as in many other instances, he has far exceeded all former achievements. Hannibal, it is true, passed the Alps at the head of his army; but Napoleon not only did this, but, as a lasting record of his contempt of all impediments, physical as well as moral, that stood in the way of the execution of his purpose, he has left this "*royal road*," by which every puny whipster may do the same, without the precaution even of dragging the wheel of his carriage.

This great work does, I think, eclipse all the

fabled exploits which *Græcia mendax*, or *Roma mendacior*, has handed down to us. Xerxes' adventure with Mount Athos was nothing to it. Napoleon has burst through solid rocks, that would have defied Hannibal with all his vinegar; he has *abridged rivers*—in a word—he has played the very devil. The rocks frown at you, and seem

> "To wonder how the devil you got there;"

while they hang over your head, as if preparing every moment to come thundering down with a tremendous "πεδονδε κυλινδετο," to punish you for daring to invade their secret and solemn solitudes, and make

> "At once your murder and your monument."

In fact, Napoleon has so *catamaranned* the foundations, that more than one *écroulement* has already taken place. It is remarkable that he never traversed this road himself. It was begun and finished in five years; but it is to be feared, from the negligence evinced in repairing it, that the indolence or the policy of the present rulers may suffer it to fall into decay.

Austria, it is said, does not view with the same

admiration that a traveller does, the facility of ingress into Italy which is afforded by this and the Mont Cenis road—the sister work of Napoleon. She would much rather increase* than diminish the difficulty of access from that quarter of Europe, being quite content with her own approach through the Tyrol, by way of Trent and Verona.

This is very natural; and in this spirit, it is said, she has exercised her influence with Sardinia to prevent the further completion of the road from Genoa to Leghorn, which had been begun by Napoleon.

I lingered so long on the way, that darkness came upon us before I was aware, and I was obliged to halt at a wretched hovel at *Isella*.

12th. I was glad to rise as soon as it was light, and escape, from the filth and vermin of the cock-loft in which I had passed the night, to the fine fresh morning air of the mountains.

Soon after leaving Isella, we passed the Swiss

* As an illustration of this I might notice the vexatious requisition of an *Austrian signature* to the passports of all strangers entering the Lombardo-Venetian territory, which has delayed or sent back so many travellers approaching from Switzerland; who, in ignorance of this regulation, often omit to get their passports countersigned by the Austrian Minister at Bern.

frontier, and after a long ascent, reached the village of the Simplon. This part of the Valais was incorporated into the French empire, but has now returned to its ancient connexion with the Swiss confederacy. At the top of the hill is the unfinished *hopital*, which was intended for the residence of the Capuchin monks, whose business and occupation it is to assist and provide entertainment for travellers, and who are now stationed in a less convenient situation. The new building is on a very large and handsome scale, but the progress of it has been arrested, like that of the granite column, by the downfall of Napoleon. There is now little hope of its ever being completed; at least the poverty of the state, to which it at present belongs—the Valais—is confessedly unequal to such works.

The zig-zag ascent and descent are so skilfully managed, that you may trot up and down, without difficulty or danger. The character of the scenery, on the Swiss side, is much less bold and grand than on the Italian. The Val Vedro contains every ingredient of the sublime that can be found in natural scenery—Mountain—Rock—Precipice—Torrent—Water-fall—Forest—in all their wildest forms;—but when you arrive at the summit of

the Simplon, you are presented with a softer scene, and look down upon the verdant valleys of Switzerland. The first impression of this land of liberty is very favourable. The little cottage inns, if I may judge from this of *Bryg*, where I have concluded the journey of to-day, are neat even to elegance, and there is in every thing an attention to comfort and cleanliness, which will remind an Englishman of his own mother country.

13th. Intensely hot. Pursued my course through the Valais;—but I must cease to "babble of green fields." As for natural scenery, even sketches convey but a faint idea;—and descriptive sketches are ten times worse. The poverty of language is never so apparent, as when you seek to represent by words the infinite varieties of nature.

Descriptions, to be of any value, should be peculiar and appropriate; but how general and indefinite are the terms which you must use, if you are obliged to *paint* in words; and how little is conveyed by the whole catalogue of phrases which the most fertile imagination can supply! If, indeed, by mixing up these phrases like colours on a pallet, you could produce the same variety of tints, it might be as easy to represent a landscape with the pen as the pencil. All

however that the pen can do, I believe, is to give the poetical part of the picture; by which I mean that part of it which appeals to the eye of the imagination, in the associations which the mind connects with the contemplation of the scene described; and in this, the pen may perhaps have the advantage. But, as to presenting a clear and intelligible *picture* of a complicated landscape by verbal description, I believe it to be impossible. The best and most picturesque representations of this kind, are perhaps to be found in the writings of the inimitable author of *Waverley;* but I doubt whether even his sketches ever present any distinct image to the mind of the reader. I do not deny that his charming descriptions of nature, in her loveliest and boldest aspects, afford the greatest pleasure in the perusal;—all I contend for is, that the pleasure is of a vague and general character, and not derived from a clear perception of the particular features of the scene described. Slept at Sion.

14th. There is a great sameness in the views in the Vale of the Rhone. The road runs along the bank of the river the whole way; both pursuing their course in nearly a straight line.

The *Cretins* are sad disgusting objects. I was prepared to expect the *goitre*:—

"Quis tumidum *guttur* miratur in Alpibus?"—Juv.

It would seem as if nature in these regions could not help breaking out into excrescence, as well in the animate as in the inanimate part of her creation.

This loathsome appendage has been attributed to many causes. It has been supposed, though without foundation, that it is peculiar to those valleys which run from east to west; and that it is not found in those that run from north to south. A more general notion has been, that it arises from the qualities of the water, which is here little more than melted snow. But the more probable supposition is, that it is the consequence of breathing the damp foggy air which is condensed in valleys, situated between the ranges of high mountains;—for the same disease is found in mountainous regions where no snow exists.

This is the suggestion of Marsden, who, in his *History of Sumatra*, describes a similar disease in the hilly districts of that country; where the valleys are exposed to the *caboot*, or thick fog, to the influence of which cold vapour, he very ra-

tionally attributes the tumours in the throats of the inhabitants.

Cretinage seems also to be peculiar to mountainous regions, though the cause and connexion are, in this case, still more inexplicable. It is found in the Pyrenees; and also, according to Sir G. Staunton, in the mountainous parts of China; and, in these cases, there is no common similarity of situation or climate, to indicate a common cause—except the single circumstance of *hilliness*.

It is well for these poor helpless creatures, that the superstition of the country causes them to be regarded with more than common affection, as the peculiar favourites of Heaven; for, being incapable of criminal intention, they are considered as exempt from the obligations of moral responsibility, and as privileged exceptions from the common lot of mankind, who are doomed to be born in sin.

But Switzerland is not the only paradise of fools.*

* Sir Robert Wilson, in his *Expedition to Egypt*, says, "In Egypt a fool is worshipped as a saint, and at Cairo they have many particular privileges; but the most singular is the superstition which favours them so as to make their children considered the peculiar favourites of Heaven; therefore,

In Egypt an idiot is held in still higher estimation, and even worshipped as a saint:—

"If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

I have been much struck to-day with the neatness and personal beauty of the female peasantry, dressed in their Sunday costume. They still deserve the praises which St. Preux bestows upon them in his letter to Julie, describing the Haut-Valais, and they still retain "*leurs petites coiffures noires, et le reste de leur ajustement, qui ne manque ni de simplicité, ni d'élégance.*"

Dined at *Martigny;*—afterwards, in my way to *Bex,* stopped to examine the *pisse-vache;* a cascade, of which Coxe says, that "he had seen higher waterfalls, but none more beautiful." Since his time—forty years ago—its beauties have been diminished by the operations of a miller; who, having built a mill under the fall, found it convenient to break away much of the projecting rock, to prevent the dispersion of the stream. The mill exists no longer; the mischief remains;

in the public streets the most virtuous women have no scruples to them, and passengers, instead of disturbing, pray over their union. A woman so with child is highly esteemed amongst her own sex."

—but it is still a beautiful waterfall. Situated as it is by the road-side, and therefore accessible without any trouble, it is perhaps for that very reason less valued and less visited. For there is a stimulant in difficulties to be overcome; and indeed it is certain, that retirement of situation would give an additional charm to the beauties of the *pisse-vache.* Arrived early in the evening at *Bex,* where there is one of the very best inns in the world, and truly characteristic of the neat and elegant simplicity of Switzerland.

In Italy all the domestics of an inn are men, who perform the offices of waiters and chamber-maids; here it is directly the reverse; and while attended by the Swiss Hebes of Bex, you may feel the force of St. Preux's remark:—"*avec la figure des Valaisanes, des servantes mêmes rendroient leurs services embarrassants.*"

15th. At *Villeneuve* I came in full view of the lake of Geneva. From Villeneuve to Vevay the road is beautiful, and every step of it passes through the fairy land of poetry and romance. The "snow-white battlement" of Chillon—the "*séjour charmant*" of Clarens—and "Lake Leman with its crystal face," beautiful as they are in reality, speak to us with more than the dumb

voice of nature, through the glowing periods of Rousseau, and the immortal verse of Byron.

At *Clarens*, the shrubberies, and walks, and the *bosquets*, so minutely described in Rousseau, exist no longer; they have long since given way to plantations of potatoes, corn, *&c.*; for, as my honest host at Vevay observed, in allusion to the Nouvelle Héloise—" Romances are good things, but bread is better."

From Vevay to Lausanne you pass through one continued vineyard all the way. The landscape is very pleasing, but it scarcely deserves the raptures of St. Preux, who, on his return from his tour round the world with Lord Anson to his native Pays de Vaud, describes it as " *ce paysage unique—le plus beau dont l'œil humain fut jamais frappé, ce séjour charmant auquel je n'avais rien trouvé d'égal dans le tour du monde.*"

In arriving at Lausanne, I drove immediately to the house of M. de Seigneux, to whom I had been recommended, who receives strangers into his house *en pension*. My first inquiry was for my letters;—which quieted all my anxieties. Those only who have experienced them can form an idea of the feelings with which a traveller retires to his own room, to enjoy alone and at

leisure the luxury of long-expected letters from home.

17th. Paid a visit to the house in which Gibbon resided, which is within a few doors of us. Paced his terrace, and explored the summer-house, of which he speaks in relating, with so much interesting detail, the conclusion of his historical labours:—"It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau* or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waves, and all nature was silent." Gibbon's library still remains, but it is buried and lost to the world. It is the property of Mr. Beckford, and lies locked up in an uninhabited house at Lausanne.

18th. Excursion to *Martigny*;—to witness the dreadful effects of the late inundation. The cause of this calamity was as follows. Some months ago a glacier had fallen down in the valley of *Bagne*, choking up the course of a small river, and forming

the head of what in time became a very extensive lake. The inhabitants, fearing that as the warm weather advanced, this dam might thaw and give way, had cut a gallery through the ice to let off the water; by which, if the dam had remained firm a few days longer, the whole lake would have been emptied without causing any damage. But on Tuesday the 16th the head of the lake gave way—and down came the waters with a prodigious rush, sweeping all before them.

——— lapides adesos,
Stirpesque raptas, et pecus, et domos
Volventis unà;———

If it had happened in the night, all Martigny must have perished. Four hundred houses were washed away in a moment, as you knock down a building of cards. The poor host of the Swan inn, who presided at the table d'hôte where I dined on Sunday the 14th, was on Tuesday swallowed up in an instant, in his own garden;—and away went stables, carriages, and horses, in all directions. Perhaps it was my good genius that whispered me so constantly to hasten to Lausanne, and who prevented my halting at Martigny, as I had once thought of doing, in order to go from

thence to Chamouny. If it were, I fear I am not so grateful to him as I ought to be; for I would willingly have been a spectator of this dreadful visitation, even at the risk of being its victim. A poor painter was in the valley of Bagne, sketching this lake, at the time the dam gave way, and his escape was little less than a miracle. He has made a drawing of the perils that surrounded him. If he were a man of talent, such a scene ought to furnish him with materials for a picture of the Deluge, which has probably never been painted from nature. The scene at Martigny beggars description;—ruin and havoc are every where. Water seems to be a more dreadful agent even than fire in the work of destruction. The operation of fire is at least gradual, and affords some chance of escape; but water is a *radical* destroyer, and jumps at once to the conclusion. A single fact will be sufficient to convey an idea of the rapidity with which the work of demolition was effected;—the water travelled at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

The loss of lives is great, and the loss of property still greater. Those who have escaped with life—and only life—are perhaps most to be pitied. They have not only lost their all, but

the very ground upon which their houses and crops stood, is a desert, covered with a coat of gravel and rubbish, and rendered utterly unfit for future cultivation. The despair of the poor creatures is very affecting; they rub their eyes —like the King in the Fairy Tale when he no longer saw Aladdin's Palace—as if they doubted the evidence of their senses.

What a passing world this is! and how foolish it is to fret and worry ourselves about the petty vexations of such a transient existence;—at least such is the lesson which the contemplation of a scene like that of Martigny preaches, with more than the eloquence of words.

20th. Excursion to *Mont St. Bernard.* The convent is situated about 8,000 feet above the level of the sea; and is the highest habitable spot in Europe. The approach to it, for the last hour of the ascent, is steep and difficult. The convent is not seen till you arrive within a few hundred yards of it. It breaks upon the view all at once, at a turn in the rock. Upon a projecting crag near it stood one of the celebrated dogs, baying at our advance, as if to give notice of strangers. These dogs are of large size, particularly high upon the legs, and generally of a milk-white, or

of a tabby colour. They are most extraordinary creatures—if all the stories the monks tell you of them are true. They are used for the purpose of searching for travellers who may be buried in the snow; and many persons are rescued annually from death by their means. During the last winter, a traveller arrived at the convent in the midst of a snow storm, having been compelled to leave his wife, who was unable to proceed farther, at about a quarter of a mile's distance. A party of the Monks immediately set out to her assistance, and found her completely buried under the snow. The sagacity of the dogs alone was the cause of her deliverance, for there was no visible trace; and it is difficult to understand how the scent can be conveyed through a deep covering of snow.

It is stated that the Monks themselves, when out upon search for travellers, have frequently owed their preservation to their dogs, in a manner, which would seem to show that the dogs are endued with a presentiment of danger.

Many stories of this kind have been told, and I was anxious to ascertain their truth. The Monks stated two or three cases where the dogs had actually prevented them from returning to the convent by their accustomed route; when, it

afterwards turned out, that, if they had not followed the guidance of their dog in his deviation, they would have been overwhelmed by an avalanche. Whether the dog may be endued with an intuitive foreboding of danger—or whether he may have the faculty of detecting symptoms not perceptible to our duller senses—must be determined by philosophers. Be this as it may—even the dogs are sometimes deceived, and, with their masters, are overwhelmed in the avalanches that are frequently falling in the spring of the year. About eighteen months ago, two of the domestics of the convent, with two or three dogs, and a party of travellers who had been waiting with the courier from Italy, were lost in an avalanche. The bodies of these unfortunate persons may now be seen in the Charnel-house of the Convent of St. Bernard, where they are preserved, in order that there may be chance of their being identified by their friends. The coldness of the climate tends to retard putrefaction; but, at this time, no feature is distinguishable.

Buonaparte crossed this mountain with 60,000 men, with whom he afterwards fought the battle of Marengo. He halted for two hours at the convent with a few of his staff, and took some

refreshment, but forbad the soldiers to enter or disturb the retreat of the Monks. I saw the spot where his life was saved by his guide. Buonaparte passed on without noticing the obligation at the time; but, upon his return from the victory of Marengo, he sent for the man, and presented him a purse of sixty Napoleons. The guide still lives, and is called Buonaparte.

21st. We left the convent deeply impressed with the hospitable and kind manners of the superior and his brethren. The support of the establishment is greatly dependant on charitable contributions; but it has lately suffered considerable loss, by the swindling device of some impostors, who—assuming the garb of the missionaries which the convent is in the habit of sending annually round the country to solicit support—contrived to levy very extensive contributions.

In descending the hill, I looked into a sort of sheep-cot, about two miles below the convent. Here lay the skeleton of a man, in the garb in which he was originally deposited. The hat still remained on the skull, and his great coat lay spread beneath his bones.

24th. In my way back to Lausanne I halted at Vevay, took a boat with three watermen, and

crossed the lake to *Meillerie*; but I sought in vain for the secluded spot so romantically described by Rousseau where St. Preux is supposed to have led Madame de Wolmar, after their escape from the storm.

Rousseau's description however of the view from the lake is as accurate as possible; and I was now in the track of St. Preux—

Nous avançames en pleine eau; je dirigeai tellement au milieu du lac que nous nous trouvames bientôt à plus d'une lieue du rivage. Là, j'expliquais à Julie toutes les parties du superbe horizon qui nous entouroit. Je lui montrois de loin les embouchures du Rhône, dont l'impétueux cours s'arrête tout-à-coup au bout d'un quart de lieue, et semble craindre de souiller de ses eaux bourbeuses le crystal azuré du lac. Je lui faisois observer les redans des montagnes, dont les angles corréspondants et parrallèles forment, dans l'espace qui les sépare, un lit digne du fleuve qui le remplit. En l'écartant de nos côtes, j'aimois à lui faire admirer les riches et charmantes rives du Pays de Vaud, où la quantité des villes, l'innombrable foule de peuple, les côteaux verdoyants et parés de toutes parts forment un tableau ravissant; où la terre,

partout cultivée et partout féconde, offre au laboureur, au pâtre, au vigneron, le fruit assuré de leurs peines, que ne dévore point l'avide publicain. Puis lui montrant le Chablais sur la côte opposée, (pays non moins favorisé de la nature, et qui n'offre pourtant qu'un spectacle de misère) je lui faisois sensiblement distinguer les différents effets des deux gouvernements, pour la richesse, le nombre, et le bonheur des hommes. C'est ainsi, lui disois-je, que la terre ouvre son sein fertile, et prodigue ses trésors aux heureux peuples qui la cultivent pour eux-mêmes.

The contrast between the coast of *Chablais*, and that of the *Pays de Vaud*, still remains in full force, and, by way of commentary upon the text of Rousseau, I might cite the decrees and regulations stuck up in all the inns of Savoy, since the late changes; where, amongst other arbitrary articles, there is one which strictly forbids any person to be seen in the streets after ten at night; and the other prohibits all assemblies from dancing in public. *Private* balls in private families are graciously allowed, provided, however, that it be done, "*sans rumeur et avec décence.*" Conversing with an inhabitant of the country, I asked him whether

the people were contented and happy under the government of Sardinia: "Oh yes," said he, "we are as happy as fish in a frying-pan."

June 26th to August 15th. A life of idleness. M. de. Seigneux's establishment combines every thing that can make a guest comfortable. Monsieur S. is a gentleman, in the whole extent of that term; and Madame has every quality that a guest would most desire in the mistress of such an establishment. Amongst all her attractions, there is perhaps none more remarkable, than that active well-informed common sense, which is awake at all times and on all subjects. This is the most companionable of all qualities; especially when, as in this case, it is joined with great good-nature, and unmixed with a single grain of affectation. The house opens into a garden, and on this side of it we are completely in the country; looking upon a fine expanse of water, backed by the hills of Savoy, with a rich fore-ground of meadows and vineyards descending to the lake, which is about a mile distant from us. By opening the street door we are in the town, and in the best part of it. If a man wish to be alone, his own room is his castle; if he wish to mix with society, he will find the best

company of Lausanne in M. de Seigneux's parlour. Perhaps society is never so free and unconstrained as in an establishment of this kind;—there can be no lurking mistrust in the mind of either host or guest, to poison the pleasure of their association. This assurance of welcome is well worth buying at any price; and, if either party be dissatisfied, the account is demanded or presented,—and there is an end of the matter.

Sterne says, if he were in a condition to stipulate with death, he should wish to encounter him at an inn;—but perhaps Sterne had never lived in such a pension as this; which is the very place for a man to live or die, in the most quiet and comfortable manner.

The Pays de Vaud, of which Lausanne is the capital, was for two centuries and a half under the dominion of Bern, if such a term can be applied to so mild a system of government. For, during the whole of this period, it would appear that no tax whatever was levied by the sovereign state upon the dependent province.

Bern, in possessing itself of the Pays de Vaud, took possession also of the estates, which the Dukes of Savoy and the Bishops of Lausanne held in

this little territory; and the produce of these was sufficient to defray the expenses of the administration of the government.

Things were in this state, when the French revolution broke out. Switzerland was too near not to catch the infection; and the contest between the have-somethings and the have-nothings—the two great parties into which Sancho divides mankind—ended, as usual in such contests, in a complete revolution of the government; which had hitherto been confined to the aristocracy, but which was now vested in a Landmann, and a representative council, chosen by the people at large.

But it perhaps may be doubted whether the Pays de Vaud have not lost more than she has gained by this revolution. She has, it is true, thrown off the yoke of Bern; she has gained the rank of an independent state; and she has obtained a free constitution; but the public property which used to defray the expenses of the state, has been somehow or other lost in the scramble; and the acquirement of cantonal independence has been saddled with the imposition of taxes, which may lead the people to doubt whether their old robes did not sit easier than their new.

Much attention is paid in this, as in the other republics of Switzerland, to repress the growth of luxury; and to check by the interference of the police all fashionable innovations, which may seem to threaten the corruption of the simplicty of republican manners.

An English gentleman lately gave a private ball, at which the ladies of course continued dancing long after the hours prescribed by the plebeian laws of Lausanne. The police made some attempts to fine all the persons concerned; but finding it difficult to establish the proof, they contented themselves with imposing the usual fine upon the master of the house. He refused to pay it; and the issue of this question was expected with some interest, when it was set at rest by some friend of peace, who, as it would appear, secretly paid the penalty on behalf of the defendant. He was however so indignant, at having been supposed to comply with a demand which he considered unjust, that he offered a reward, by public advertisement in the Gazette of Lausanne, for the discovery of the person who had thus interfered.

The religion of Lausanne is Calvinistic;—but though we are so near the head-quarters of "Bro-

ther Jack"—there are no symptoms of that mortifying and ascetic spirit, which so often distinguishes the followers of Calvin.

To instance, for example, the observance of Sunday. Every body goes to church; and so sacred is the period considered which is consecrated to public worship, that it would be an offence of which the public would take cognizance, to disturb the streets, even by driving your carriage through the town, during the time of divine service.

But, the offices of worship at an end, the leisure hours of the day are devoted to rational recreations;—and if Sunday be distinguished at all, it is by a more than ordinary cheerfulness and gaiety. Music and the common domestic amusements proceed as usual, without any apprehensions that the recording angel is noting these things down as abominations. Sunday, in short, is kept without any of that gloomy formality, which seems to be thought by some essential to piety;—it is regarded rather as a feast than a fast,—being the day dedicated to the preaching of that gospel, which brought "glad tidings of great joy to all people."

The difficulty in this, as in other cases, is to

preserve a just medium; to remember the purpose for which the Sabbath was instituted and "made holy," without falling into the sour severities which were first introduced by the Puritans, —a sect that seems to have borne some affinity to the Pharisees of old, who reproached even the Saviour of the world, with being "a Glutton and a Winebibber."

CHAPTER XI.

Tour of Switzerland—Bern—Swiss Constitution—Lake of Thun—Lauterbrunn—Grindelwald—Brienz—Giesbach—Lucerne—Schwytz—Valley of Goldau—Falls of the Rhine—Zurich—Zug—Rigi—Return to Lausanne.

August 15th. THE tour of Switzerland might well furnish occupation for a whole summer; but, if the object of the traveller be confined to the picturesque, a fortnight will perhaps suffice to survey the finest features of this interesting country, and skim the cream of the landscape. With this limited object in view, I left Lausanne, with my friend D. in a one-horse *Char*, which resembles an English gig, only that the body is placed, on account of the narrowness of the roads, sideways between the wheels. For this we agreed to pay 13½ francs per day; this was to include the keep of the driver and his horse on the road, and indeed all the current expenses of the equipage, except the *bonne-main* to the driver; which should always be contingent, and made to depend upon his good-conduct.

There is nothing between Lausanne and Payerne, our first day's journey, to excite observation.

16th. This day's drive brought us to Bern, the environs of which have an air of magnificence, that announces the approach to a capital. The situation of Bern is very striking. It is built upon a bold eminence, at the foot of which runs the Aar —clear and rapid—and in the distance, is a bold range of the Alps, covered with eternal snows. The town is well-built, of handsome stone, but the arcades on each side of the street, with their projecting buttresses, give it a heavy and gloomy appearance. The leading feature of the place is cleanliness; nothing can be neater than the streets, which are freshened by streams of water, that flow down the middle of them, in channels prepared for their reception.

The Bear is the patron of Bern, and Bruin's portrait, as at the mansion of the worthy Laird of Bradwardine, meets you at every corner. A couple of these animals are entertained at the expense of the government in a court in the town-ditch, where a fir-tree has been planted, that they may exercise themselves in climbing; and perhaps there is not much in Bern that will amuse a stranger

more than the gambols of this ponderous but active pair.

The costume of the women—for the men seem to be laying aside that distinctive dress which used to characterize the different cantons—is any thing but graceful. Nothing can be more absurd than the cap of a *Bernoise*, for it answers no purpose of utility, with a broad, starched, black lace frill standing up all round it, in which she flits about as with the wings of a dragon-fly; though this is a very bad comparison, for the rest of her dress gives her figure such a heavy Dutch look, that no wings could support it. The character of the Bernoise beauty might be given in the description which Henry the Eighth complainingly made of Anne of Cleves. With a delicacy of complexion that rivals the fair faces of England, there is a robustness almost amounting to clumsiness in their figures, which is irreconcileable with the graces. Madame Roland, in characterizing the beauty of the women of Bern, says wittily enough;—"C'est le *rosbif* des Anglais pour les estomacs à toute épreuve."

The ancient government of Bern was an absolute aristocracy;—but an aristocracy that fur-

nished the singular example of exercising its power for the advantage of its subjects.

The French revolution, however, and its consequences, had deprived Bern of the rights of sovereignty, which it formerly exercised over its dependent states, and reduced it to the condition of a single canton in the new federal compact: in determining the principles of which, there was much opposition between the aristocratic and democratic parties, which might have led to serious consequences, if the Swiss had not received a pretty strong hint, that if they could not settle their constitution amongst themselves, quietly and peaceably, the Allied Powers would be obliged to step in and do it for them. Such an intimation from without had a wonderful effect in moderating the violence of party animosity within; and in 1814 the new constitution was concluded at Zurich.

The leading principle of this constitution was the equalization of rights, not only amongst the different states composing the confederation, but also amongst the citizens of each state. The first step towards this was the abolition of the name of *subject* in Switzerland; and accordingly, the same rights were given to the vassal districts, hitherto

called *subjects*, as to the cantons to which they belonged. This principle was strongly opposed by the canton of Bern, which hoped to recover its ancient dominion over the Pays de Vaud and Argovie; but it was fully established by the eighth article of the constitution;—which also provides that the Diet, in whom the government of the confederacy is vested, shall consist of nineteen deputies, one from each canton, who shall vote according to their instructions, each canton having a voice by its deputy.

By the seventh article, the equalization of rights amongst individuals was established by the abolition of all exclusive privileges belonging to any particular class;—and thus the triumph of liberty and equality, in the only intelligible meaning of those words, was complete.

Since 1814, Geneva, Neufchatel, and the Valais, have been added to the confederacy; and liberty is thus again re-established in her strong hold; and here at least, amidst storms and whirlwinds, and poverty and precipices, she may hope to maintain her sanctuary.

17th. The road from Bern to Thun passes through a beautiful country, which exhibits comfortable symptoms of the *general* distribution of

property. There are no splendid chateaus; but the cottages are neat and elegant, and have all the appearance of plenty. Every village has its public walk; and wherever there is a fine view or a shady tree, you will find a *public* walk, and a *public* bench; where you may rest and enjoy yourself, without being afraid of an action of trespass. In short, you see every where a striking attention to the wants and comforts of the many. At Bern and Zurich, you may find equipages, and even liveries;—but these last are held in general abomination throughout this land of equality, as base badges of servitude. Bern and Zurich, however, are large and wealthy towns, and it seems to be the natural effect of wealth and luxury, to destroy the true republican spirit.

At Thun we sent our carriage to the right-about to give us the meeting at Zug; while we made a boating and riding *detour*, through the lakes and valleys that lie between Thun and that place: and hiring a boat for eleven francs, we embarked for Neuhaus.

The home scenery of the lake of Thun is picturesque and pleasing, and the range of the Oberland Alps in the distance, furnishes a grander background to the picture than perhaps can be

seen from any other lake in Switzerland. At Neuhaus you find people with the waggons of the country on the look-out for passengers to Interlaken. Interlaken is a charming village, situated in a retired and romantic spot, combining all that painters love to delineate, and poets to describe. The view from the hill behind the village, commanding the lakes of Thun and Brienz, is superb.

18th. Morning's drive to Lauterbrunn. Nothing can well be imagined more grand and sublime than the scenery of the valley of Lauterbrunn. Mountains rise on each side of you ten thousand feet high, and a torrent roars at the feet of them, tearing its course afterwards through the valley with a brawling noise, that alone disturbs the solemn silence of this profound retreat. Occasionally you encounter the summer cabin of a cowherd, perched like an eagle's nest among the rocks;—which seem inaccessible to any animal without wings, except the chamois.

At last, the valley widens a little, and you arrive at the village of Lauterbrunn. Here you see the cascade of the Staubach, which comes down at one fall from a perpendicular rock 800 feet high; —nearly twice the height of St. Paul's. This cascade would be the grandest in the world, if the

body of water were greater; but it is composed of so small a rivulet, that it is dispersed into thin spray before it reaches the ground. Instead, therefore, of the tremendous thunder of a raging cataract, the Staubach "droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven," and presents a picture of enchanting softness and beauty, which I should be loth to exchange for any more sublime and terrible display of the power of nature. Madame Roland, in comparing the fall of the Staubach with the fall of the Rhine, has expressed in a beautiful illustration the different impression which nature produces upon the imagination, as we contemplate her in her grand and fearful aspects, or in those soft and sunny spots, which, like an *oasis* in the desert, derive additional beauty from the horrors that surround them, as in the sequestered seclusion of Lauterbrunn. "Il semble," says she, "qu'une divinité imposante et paisible, ouvre une cataracte du ciel, et en fasse couler le Staubach devant soi pour s'annoncer aux mortels:—on dirait, de la chûte du Rhin, que le maître des enfers, voulant effrayer la terre, la soulève avec le fleuve pour manifester son courroux."

While we sat at the foot of the rock within reach of this refreshing shower-bath, admiring the rain-

bows produced by the morning sun in the falling spray, we were surprised by the sound of music, which seemed to be a duet of two hautboys; and the echoes of the surrounding rocks produced the most pleasing effect. But here again the evil genius of reality appeared to dispel the illusion; —for the enchantment was at once dissolved, on discovering the cause of this music in the persons of two dirty old women.

Their singing was from the throat, and the sounds resembled closely the tones of a flute. It is in the same manner that the famous *Kureiholen*, or *Ranz des Vaches*, the national air of the Swiss, is sung; which does not consist of articulated sounds, nor is it accompanied by words; but is a simple melody formed by the same kind of guttural intonations.

After lingering many hours in this romantic solitude, we retraced our steps for some way, and then turned to the right into the valley of Grindelwald. The wooden cabins of the peasantry are in appearance just what Goldsmith describes,

> "Dear is that *shed* to which his soul conforms."

In Grindelwald there is less of sublimity than

in the valley of Lauterbrunn; though the absence of wood, of which there is abundance in Lauterbrunn, gives a more wild and savage character to the scenery.

19th. We had arrived at Grindelwald in a *Char* with two horses, with an intention of pursuing our course with the horses alone—there being no road for a carriage any farther over the Scheidegg to Meyringen. But to avoid the unprofitable toil of climbing up one side of a hill merely to descend the other, we determined to return to Interlaken, and proceed by water to Brienz.

All that is worth seeing may thus be seen, almost without quitting your carriage, or the high road.

Grindelwald is surrouded by the mountains of Eiger, Mettenberg, and Wetterhorn; but neither of these will compare with the Jungfrau, and Picvierge—so called from its inaccessible height—which are seen from Lauterbrunn. It is between the Mettenberg and Wetterhorn that the *glaciers* descend. These stupendous masses of ice, while they command our astonishment, afford additional proofs of the wisdom and goodness of the Author of Nature. They have been well

described "as performing the most important offices of utility, and while they serve as magazines which nature keeps in reserve to replenish the rivers in Switzerland, the partial thaw which takes place in summer maintains the freshness and moisture necessary to promote the vegetation of those mountain pastures, which in this country constitute the chief wealth of the inhabitants. As the snow disappears, the flocks ascend the mountains following the productions of the spring, which rise to life under their feet from day to day, until the snows of autumn compel them to retire again into the valleys." The life of the *Senn*, or cow-keeper, is thus a life of constant migration. He suspends bells of different sizes to the necks of his cattle, in proportion to the merit of the cows; and it is said that these animals are so susceptible of feelings similar to our own, that if the leading cow fall into disgrace and be deprived of her honours, she exhibits all the mortification of wounded pride, and of angry jealousy, at the promotion of a rival;—and the question of precedence excites as much bitterness in the pastures of the Alps, as it can do in the drawing-room of the Thuilleries, or St. James's.

The greatest affection is described as subsisting between the *Senn* and his flock, which he said to regard as a part of his family; and the bells of his cows are made to harmonize with the *Ranz des Vaches*, which is his constant strain. It is from the same icy mountains that Switzerland derives its mineral waters, its hot springs, its crystal mines, and its cold baths; which have been found so efficacious in the cure of various diseases.

On our return to Interlaken, we had a dispute with the voiturier of whom we hired our horses. We had bargained for a journey of three days, intending to go to Meyringen; but as we abandoned this plan, and brought him his horses back the second day, we thought ourselves entitled to some abatement. He argued that it was our own fault that we had not proceeded to the end of our journey—and stuck to his bond. As it was a rainy day, and we could not continue our route to Brienz immediately, we resolved to try the temper of Swiss law, and adjourned with the voiturier to the Bailli of the village. He ruled the case between us with ability and impartiality, and I was delighted at the quickness with which he seized the real *gist* of the question.

The cause was soon over, and—what seldom, I believe, happens—both parties retired perfectly satisfied with his arbitration. Having first brought us to an agreement as to the terms of our bargain;—he decided, that we were bound by our contract, and must pay the voiturier for three days; but he also kept the voiturier to his part of the contract, and ordered, that if we chose to stay at Interlaken, we might ride his horses as much as we pleased, till those three days were expired. This produced a compromise between the litigants; and we wished the honest Bailli good morning, and a long possession of the judgment-seat of Interlaken.

We paid six francs for a boat to carry us to Brienz. The upper part of the lake of Brienz is superior to any thing I have seen in Switzerland. It is a perfect picture, and completely satisfies the imagination;—approaching nearer to the gaiety which is the character of the Italian lakes, as opposed to those of Switzerland, which have for the most part a sombre and gloomy air. The Italian lakes are, as Eustace says, "on the right side of the Alps"—in a land of wine and oil, instead of milk and water—where you have vineyards instead of pine forests, and the villages, instead of being buried in holes, and thrust into

corners, as in Switzerland, are hung out in the boldest and most prominent situations. Opposite to the village of Brienz is the fall of the Giesbach; which has been less celebrated, though it is, I think, beyond all comparison the most magnificent cascade in Switzerland, and second only to Terni. And even when compared with Terni, its inferiority is confined to the volume of water; for perhaps there is more variety in the falls of the Giesbach, which comes foaming down with furious impetuosity, through magnificent forest scenery; the effect of which is, to break the usual uniformity of a cascade view. The view from the Alpine bridge, which has been constructed half way up the steep, commanding at once the look up and the look down, is perhaps unrivalled. It is in a spot like this that we feel the impossibility of conveying by words any idea of the sublime imagery of nature.

At Brienz, a party of female choristers offered their services to enliven our evening, by singing their national airs. Many of these were delightfully simple and plaintive, and they "warbled their wood-notes wild" so sweetly, that perhaps science and instruction could have added nothing to improve the harmony.

20th. We hired a couple of horses to cross

the Brunig to Sarnen, the road being impassable for a carriage; and for this day's journey we paid thirty-six francs: for in Switzerland they always charge you for their horses' journey back, as well as for the journey you perform. Sarnen is the capital of the little canton of Unterwalden. If, as it has been objected, there is any natural connexion between the Roman Catholic religion and the doctrine of passive obedience, it would seem that the character of this religion is changed by the climate of Switzerland;—and here it loses even its intolerance. For the canton of Unterwalden was one of the first to assert and maintain the rights of liberty; yet it was, and is, firmly attached to the church of Rome; though this has not prevented it from extending the hand of good fellowship to the Protestant inhabitants of Upperwalden; and these two cantons have long been incorporated together. They sit in the same council, administer the same laws, and intermarry with one another, without at all disturbing their political or domestic harmony.

It is pleasant, amidst the wild and savage recesses of the Alps, to find a moral scene of such a character;—where the bitterness of religious differences is softened by the kindly feelings of

human brotherhood; and every sect enjoys a full and complete participation in all the privileges of society.

The costume of the peasantry in this canton is grotesque, but not unpleasing. The women walk about in flat straw hats, which bear the same proportion to their figure that the head of a large mushroom does to its stalk.

21st. The government of a pure democracy may still be comtemplated amongst some of the little cantons of Switzerland; where the people meet *en masse* in the plain, to legislate and choose their magistrates. Here too may be seen the singular spectacle of a government without taxes; the government lands paying all the expenses of the state: and this will not appear extraordinary, where we find that the salary of the Landmann, or chief officer of the state, is limited to eight pounds per annum. In this miniature shape, such a government may be conducted with moderation and justice; but the history of democracies has too fatally proved, that it is perhaps of all forms of government the worst, when tried upon a large scale. Cruelty and injustice may disgrace the best formed constitutions; but it would seem that they must be the characteristics

of democracies. The history of Athens, the seat of arts and sciences, the country of historians, poets and philosophers, teaches us, in the banishment of Aristides, the condemnation of Socrates, and the death of Phocion, that the intellectual and moral character of a people affords no security against their abuse of power; while the annals of the French Revolution will record in its true colours the savage spirit of a democracy acting under the blind impulse of ignorance and vice. This detestable spirit is completely explained in the declaration of a favourite demagogue of that day—"that true republicans ought not to bear even the aristocracy of virtue"—a sentiment which seems to be lineally descended from the Athenian, who employed Aristides to inscribe his own name on the shell that was to send him into exile.

It is plain that these observations are not meant to apply to such mixed governments as have been founded on the representative system—the effect of which is, to counteract the inherent vices of democracy; though it may well be doubted whether this beneficial effect would not be completely neutralized, if the right of suffrage were made universal, with a new election every year.

After a long conversation on Swiss politics with our worthy host at Sarnen—who held an important office in the magistracy of the canton, and who delighted us at once by his good humour, and the strong resemblance he bore to the Welsh Captain Fluellen of gallant memory—we proceeded in a char to Alpnach, where we hired a boat to take us to Lucerne, and afterwards to Gersau, for fifteen francs. There was a good deal of wind, and the boatman hoisted a sail; but this is a dangerous practice; for the boats are flat-bottomed, and the men very bad sailors, so that you run the risk of being upset by those puffs of wind to which you are constantly exposed on the lakes of Switzerland, from the nature of the surrounding mountains and valleys. There is little in Lucerne to detain you, except the model of the four cantons by General Pfiffer, which should not be omitted.

The scenery of the lake in the neighbourhood of Lucerne is rather tame, but as you advance towards Gersau it assumes a loftier character, and the view towards Altorf is full of rugged magnificence.

The little republic of Gersau, consisting of a territory of two leagues in length and one in

breadth, was incorporated into the canton of Schwytz in 1798. There is an anecdote told by a French traveller to show how completely, in so small a community, the conduct of every individual is under the eye of the public;—upon entering the inn at this place, he found an advertisement posted up prohibiting all persons from playing at any kind of game, or drinking, with two citizens of the republic specified by name; and the reason assigned for this prohibition was, that the one of them was addicted to drunkenness, and the other to choler.

22d. We proceeded up the lake, and disembarked at Brunen; from whence it is a short drive to Schwytz—the cradle of Switzerland. The inhabitants of this canton displayed the same enthusiastic courage at the battle of Montgarten, against the French, in 1799, which their ancestors had done on the same spot, against the Austrians, in 1315, in the memorable battle which established their liberty. The interval between these battles—nearly 500 years—was an interval of peace and prosperity; but the havoc and devastation committed by the contending armies of Russians, Austrians and French, in 1799, reduced the poor Schwytzers to beggary and ruin.

The town of Schwytz is situated in a charming green valley, backed by the sharp and rugged heights of the Mythen. The *Cerf* at Schwytz is a perfect inn; so delightfully comfortable, that I should have been well contented to remain there for some time, if the time had permitted it. It is necessary to penetrate into the core of Switzerland to recognize the traces of that honest simplicity of character, which has been considered as peculiar to the Swiss people. In those places which are situated on the great high roads, the influx of travellers has produced the usual work of demoralization; and the only competition seems to be who shall cheat the traveller most. The female cap of this canton seems to be fashioned with still less attention to utility than that of Bern; and is, in fact, nothing but a stiff frill of muslin, disposed uprightly on the top of the head, like the comb of a cock.

In our rout from Schwytz to Art, we passed over the valley of Goldau, the fatal scene of the terrible *écroulement* of the Rossberg; a mountain which in the year 1806 slipped from its foundations, literally fulfilling the emphatic description of the Psalmist—"The mountains skipped like rams."—This overwhelming catastrophe swal-

lowed up in a moment five of the most industrious villages in Switzerland, with some hundreds of their inhabitants, and a party of unfortunate travellers. The moving masses which came thundering down are described as being a league in length, 1,000 feet in breadth, and 200 feet high; which in a few minutes converted this once cheerful and populous valley into a shapeless chaos of rocks and desolation.

The weather was so bad when we arrived at Art, that we resolved to postpone our intended ascent of the Rigi till our return, and proceed at once to Schaffausen, the ultimate object of our tour.

After a boisterous voyage along the lake from Art, we arrived at Zug, where we found our carriage; and as the rain prevented us from seeing any thing of that place, we pushed on to Thalwyl to sleep.

23d. We proceeded as rapidly as possible, without making any halt at Zurich, in order to see the falls of the Rhine before sun-set. It had continued to rain during the whole day, but a short time before our *Char* stopped at the foot-path which leads to the falls, the weather suddenly cleared, and we were fortunate enough to

contemplate this splendid prospect lighted up by the rays of the setting sun. As the morning is the most favourable season for seeing the Staubach, so, from the difference of the aspect, the evening is the best period for looking at the falls of the Rhine. The impression of the first *coup d'œil* perhaps disappoints expectation, and it seems to require a longer survey to take in the whole magnificence of the scene. The best point of view is, I think, from the room of an artist immediately opposite to it; in which he has constructed a *camera obscura* which transfers the whole scene with all its lights, and colours, and motion, upon the table of his apartment. One of the defects, which are incident to representations of cascades, is thus supplied, and the effect of this *moving* picture is very pleasing; the want of sound, however, is a defect which seems irremediable, for though in this instance you have the roaring of the real water-fall in your ears, you cannot, by any cheating of the senses, connect it with the mimic imagery of the picture.

Twilight came upon us while we were yet gazing with undiminished admiration at the awful majesty of the scene before us. I find that we have delayed our tour too long. The beginning of

July is perhaps the best period for an excursion in Switzerland; for it is very important to have the evening as long as possible. At present it is night at eight o'clock, and the thermometer, which was a fortnight ago at 85 in the shade, was this evening as low as 52.

We found shelter for the night at a wretched inn at Iestetten.

24th. There is nothing interesting in the country between Schaffausen and Zurich, and it is upon a road like this, that one is tempted to complain of the want of post horses in Switzerland. The Diet seems to consider that the establishment of posting would be too great an encouragement of luxury; and accordingly a traveller is doomed to the snail's pace of a voiturier's team, whether he will or no.

It is impossible not to wish well to any regulations that have a tendency to promote and maintain uncorrupted the simple manners of the peasantry; and it is, I fear, a serious deduction from the advantages of good roads and mail coaches, that, while they promote the diffusion of knowledge, they circulate the poison of immorality, and contaminate the country with the vices and licentiousness of the capital. Travellers have

certainly done no good to Switzerland; but perhaps she has more to fear from the mistaken policy of the Diet in encouraging the growth of manufactures.

To say nothing of the absurdity of manufacturing at home cottons and muslins, which she might purchase cheaper and better from England; the profits of these establishments will be a poor compensation for the evil effects which they must produce upon the morals of the people. The only hope of duration that a democratical government can entertain must be founded upon the moral qualities of the great body of its population.

It would surely be happier for Switzerland, that her population was confined to the honest and hardy followers of pasturage and agriculture, than that she should, by the establishment of manufactures, breed up an excessive population in particular places, depending for support and subsistence upon the fluctuating prices of commerce, and infected with the vicious propensities which seem to be the necessary consequences of any system, that confines large numbers of human beings together in sedentary employments.

The Swiss, and particularly the inhabitants of

the neighbouring canton of Appenzell, have always been celebrated for their skill in mechanics. A remarkable instance of their mechanical genius was furnished by Ulrich Grubenman. This man, who was a common carpenter, was the inventor of that sort of wooden bridge, which is in German called *hængwerk*.

In consequence of the repeated washing away of the bridges at Schaffausen, a committee was appointed to consider of a plan for a new structure. Grubenman, in order to avoid the force of the stream, proposed to erect a bridge which should consist of a single arch. The idea of throwing an arch across a width of 300 feet, was treated with ridicule; and the plan was about to be dismissed as the project of a visionary; when Grubenman, as the story runs, answered the objections by jumping with his whole weight upon the miniature model of his intended work, which bore him up triumphantly, and his plan was in the end adopted.

Zurich is celebrated for the literary characters it has produced, and has been called the Athens of Switzerland. Gessner and Lavater are amongst the names of which they are most proud.

The last fell by the bayonet of a French ruffian,

when Zurich was taken by storm, during those terrible times which made the peaceful retirement of Switzerland the theatre of war and carnage; and presented the awful spectacle of contending armies of French and Russians fighting hand to hand upon the Devil's Bridge.

The public library is large and curious; but a traveller has seldom time to do more than look at the outsides of books. They show you an original manuscript of Quintilian, and a collection of original letters in Latin, from our Lady Jane Gray to Bullinguer. In the evening we proceeded to Zug, along the banks of the lake of Zurich, which are gay and cheerful, though entirely without any of the higher characteristics of the sublime and the beautiful.

25th. The little canton of Zug, like Schwytz and many others, proves, that there is no necessary hostility between the Catholic Religion, and liberal principles of government. We embarked for Art at day-break, in order to ascend the Rigi. The lake of Zug is famous for the variety and abundance of its fish. The season of carp fishing is drawing to a close. I am told they are sometimes caught of the prodigious weight of ninety pounds; and frequently of twenty pounds' weight. But

the fish in greatest estimation is the *rætele*, a sort of salmon-trout, which is found under different names in most of the lakes of Switzerland. The day had promised a fine sun-set, but, as is often the case, these expectations were disappointed. There are four different routes by which you may ascend the Rigi; but that from Art is perhaps, on the whole, the best; not only as regards the road itself, but because the views by the way are confined, and the grand panorama is reserved till you arrive at the summit.

It took four hours and a half of good walking to reach the top. The evening was extremely cold, the wind at north-west, and Fahrenheit's thermometer stood at 40.

26th. We rose soon after four o'clock in order to see the sun rise, which he did in the fullest splendour; gilding the white summits of the Swiss Alps, of which you command a view from the Sentis in Appenzell, to the Gemmi in the canton of the Valais. Ebel says, that fourteen lakes are visible, but I could only make out eleven. It was a magnificent spectacle. A sun-rise upon the Rigi,—the *Regina Montium*,—forms an epoch in one's life, which can never be forgotten. No man can help feeling on such an occasion some of those

sensations, which Rousseau so eloquently describes as the effects of the air of high mountains, though it perhaps may be doubted whether the cause be not altogether moral, rather than physical. "Ce fut là,—on the top of the Rigi for instance,—ce fut là, que je démêlai sensiblement, dans la pureté de l'air où je me trouvais, la véritable cause du changement de mon humeur et du retour de cette paix intérieure, que j'avais perdue depuis si long tems. En effet, c'est une impression générale, qu'éprouvent tous les hommes,—quoiqu'ils ne l'observent pas tous,—que sur les hautes montagnes, où l'air est pur et subtil, on se sent plus de facilité dans la respiration, plus de légèreté dans le corps, plus de sérénité dans l'esprit; les plaisirs y sont moins ardens, les passions plus modérées. Les méditations y prennent je ne sais quel caractère grand et sublime, proportionné aux objets, qui nous frappent,—je ne sais quelle volupté tranquille, qui n'a rien d'âcre et de sensuel. Il semble qu'en s'élevant au dessus du séjour des hommes, on y laisse tous les sentimens bas et terrestres, et qu'à mesure qu'on approche des régions éthérées, l'ame contracte quelque chose de leur inaltérable pureté. On y est grave sans mélancolie, paisible sans indolence, content d'être et de penser; tous les dé-

sirs trops vifs s'émoussent, ils perdent cette pointe aigue qui les rend douloureux; ils ne laissent au fond du cœur qu'une émotion légère et douce; et c'est ainsi qu'un heureux climat fait servir à la félicité de l'homme les passions qui font d'ailleurs son tourment."

Such is the description of Rousseau, of which every man has, more or less, felt the truth; and it is, no doubt, to enjoy in Platonic perfection such seraphic raptures, that a lady of Switzerland has fixed her residence on the summit of the Rigi during the summer; where she receives and entertains such pilgrim visitors as may be thought worthy to participate in them.

In descending, we took the road to Wegghis which is the shortest and the steepest. Here we embarked to cross the lake of Lucerne where we rejoined our carriage.

27th and 28th. The road from Lucerne to Bern, by way of Zofingen, passes through the most fertile and best cultivated part of Switzerland. The views are of a softer and richer character, and the landscape is constantly enlivened by herds of grazing cattle; a feature which is often wanting, especially in the Pays de Vaud; where the favourite system is to confine the cattle to the house.

In the neighbourhood of Lausanne, there is a large grazing farm where no less than a hundred cows are thus kept in the confinement of the stall during the whole year. The advantages of this mode, in a farming point of view, seem to be considerable. The grass which supplies them with food during the summer, instead of being wastefully trodden under foot, and daintily picked, is regularly and fairly cut,—fat and lean together,—and is thus made to go much farther; while the vast quantity of manure which is accumulated from so large a stock is sufficient to support the pastures under the constant exhaustion of the scythe.*

The animals on the other hand give more milk than if they were at liberty; and are in much better condition, in the grazier's sense of the word; —that is, they are always ready for the butcher. The only objections to this mode arise out of considerations for the happiness of the animals themselves, to whom we are disposed to attribute human

* The Swiss are very attentive to the dressing of their pastures, and to the preservation of the means of doing so, particularly to the urinary part of manure, by far the richest and most valuable, of which they collect and treasure up every drop with scrupulous care.

feelings and sentiments, and to imagine that they derive the same pleasure from browsing freely in the sunshine of the meadow, or reposing in the protecting shade of the woodland surrounded by the beauties of nature, which we should ourselves feel if similarly situated.

But it may, I think, be fairly concluded that animals, though they may seem to participate with man to a certain extent in the faculty of reason, are utterly insensible to all the pleasures of taste and imagination. The *beautiful* has no charms for the brute creation; for even in the passion of sexual desire, where, if any where, it might be supposed to have some influence, we do not perceive that youth, beauty, and cleanliness, make a more forcible appeal to their feelings, than age, dirt, and deformity. And it may be doubted whether the tranquillity and protection from flies during the summer afforded by the stall be not sources of greater gratification to these animals, with whom

"To live well means nothing but to eat,"

than any which they could find in the enjoyment of liberty, or the contemplation of the landscape.

29th. After again exploring the beauties of

Bern, and its promenades, we retraced our steps to Payerne.

30th. Returned to Lausanne;—the more one sees of Switzerland, the more one is pleased with the country, and the less one is pleased with the inhabitants.

Point d'argent point de Suisse is a maxim of which every day's experience demonstrates the truth. Our bill last night was just twice as much as it was a fortnight ago at the same place; and our host was somewhat confused, when we produced his former account, in opposition to his charge. Swiss honesty is a phrase that is much used, and it may have some application—out of Switzerland; but is an article that seems to be cultivated solely for exportation, and none is retained for home consumption.

September 6th. Packing up. Farewell visits. Last drive round the environs of Lausanne, which are studded with pretty villas; amongst which *La Chabliere* is conspicuously beautiful,—the residence of Mr. Canning, the British Minister, whose courteous and hospitable attentions will not be forgotten by any of his countrymen who have resided at Lausanne.

CHAPTER XII.

Departure from Lausanne—Geneva—Ferney—Chamouni—Mont Blanc—Mer de Glace—Aix—Chamberry—Lyons—Journey to Montpellier—Scenery of the Rhone—Hannibal's Passage—Revolutionary Horrors—Nismes.

September 8th. LEFT Lausanne in a voiturier's carriage, consuming eight hours in the journey to Geneva. There is a metropolitan appearance about Geneva; and it would seem that the people had acquired a taste for military foppery during their long connexion with France.

The town is fortified;—and there is as much pomp and circumstance in the examination of your passport at the gate as if you were entering the capital of a military despot. In the lower and trading part of the town, the houses, which are very high, have arcades of wood supported by pillars carried up to the roofs, something after the manner of Chester. The upper part of the city, which is built on a gentle ascent, is clean and handsome; the houses are of fine stone; and the views from the public walks towards the lake and neighbouring mountains are magnificent. The

Rhone issues out of the lake in two rapid streams of dark and transparent blue, which unite soon afterwards, before they join the muddy Arve. It is surprising how the notion could ever have prevailed, that the Rhone passed through the lake without mixing with its waters; but there is this very extraordinary fact—at its going out, it resembles neither the muddy colour of its former stream, nor the crystal clearness of the lake through which it has passed, but is of as deep an indigo as the stream that runs from a dyer's furnace.

9th. Drove to *Les Délices*;—the residence of Voltaire before he fixed himself at Ferney; but there was nothing to be seen. Afterwards to Ferney. His bed-room and saloon remain precisely in the state in which they were when he occupied them.

Under the canopy of his bed is a portrait of Le Kain; on one side of the hangings, a portrait of the King of Prussia—and on the other, one of Voltaire himself. On another side of the room is the Marquise de Chatelet, his mistress. On the third wall are the Empress of Russia; Clement XIV. better known by the name of Ganganelli; Voltaire's Sempstress; and his Little

Savoyard Boy. On the remaining side are a collection of prints. The family of Calas—De Lille—Diderot—Sir Isaac Newton—Franklin—Racine—Milton—Corneille—Antoine Thomas—Leibnitz—De Mairan—Helvetius—Washington—D'Alembert—Marmontel. All these remain as he had placed them. Here too is a model of the monument which he prepared for the reception of his own heart, with this inscription:

Mes manes sont consolés
Puisque mon cœur
Est au milieu de vous.

All the prints are very poor performances, of small size. The Sempstress and Savoyard Boy are beautiful subjects, and very prettily done in crayons. I could not hear that there was any tale of scandal relating to either. The portrait of Frederic is a vile daub in oil colours, which an ale-house in England would scarcely accept as a sign. That of the Marquise de Chatelet is not much better, though her countenance apparently deserved an abler artist. Catharine of Russia's portrait is executed in embroidery. Le Kain's is a wretched performance in crayons; and, if it was like him, there never was an actor who had to

contend against greater disadvantages of person. Voltaire's portrait is by far the best of the collection; the face is full of vivacity and spirit. It must have been done when he was a very young man; and, placed here, it looks as if he had been the god of his own idolatry.

The portrait of Clement XIV. should have been inscribed with his memorable repartee to Voltaire, which has still higher merit than its wit to recommend it.

The Baron of *Gleichen*, in his way to Italy, stopped at Ferney, and inquired of Voltaire what he should say from him to the Pope?—"*His Holiness*," replied Voltaire, "favours me with presents of medals, and of indulgencies, and even sends me his blessing: but I would rather that *Ganganelli* would send me the ears of the Grand Inquisitor."—The Baron delivered the message:—"Tell him," replied Clement, "that, as long as *Ganganelli* is Pope, the Grand Inquisitor shall have neither ears nor eyes."

The whole town of Ferney was of Voltaire's creation. His estate consisted of about 900 acres. I talked with an old pair who spoke of him with the greatest affection, and told me tales of his various charities;—of his portioning the poor, to

enable them to marry—and of the kind interest which he took in all their concerns. He was very fond of rifle shooting, and encouraged popinjay contests amongst them, in which he himself took a part. An old domestic produced two relics of his master;—the cap which he used to wear in his study, made of white silk embroidered with tinsel—and a curious book, in which Voltaire had made a collection of the seals of all his correspondents. The seals were pasted in, and underneath each he had written the address of the writer. It seems that it was his practice, when he received a letter, to examine and verify the seal by referring to his book; and, if it came from a quarter he did not like, he refolded it in an *enveloppe*, and returned it unopened to the writer.

He built the church of Ferney close to his own gate, as if he had a mind to illustrate the old saying—the nearer the church, the farther from G—.

So much for Voltaire, whose merits as an author seem to have been over-rated. Johnson's praise of Goldsmith might with some limitation be applied to him—*nullum fere scribendi genus non tetigit, nullum quod tetigit non ornavit;* but though

he sparkled in almost every style of writing, he did not perhaps shine pre-eminently in more than one. He had more wit than genius—and his forte rather lay in cooking up the thoughts of others with his own *sauce piquante*, than in producing new sources of knowledge. He is perhaps only *maximus in minimis;* an exquisite writer of a satiric tale; unrivalled in wit, raillery, and sarcasm:—and inimitable in "exposing knaves and painting fools." Beyond this, there is little to say. His epic poetry, his tragedies, and his histories are only extraordinary in their combination. Separately considered;—his epic poetry would be placed by all but Frenchmen in the very lowest class of epic poems, all that Lord Chesterfield says to the contrary notwithstanding;—his tragedies are inferior in force and grandeur to those of Corneille, and in sensibility and pathos to those of Racine. Of his history much is romance; and the Age of Louis XIV. upon which his claims as an historian are founded, is rather a collection of materials for a history than an historical work. On many subjects it is plain he had but a smattering. Perhaps a stronger instance could not be given of the difference between a mouthful and a belly-full of knowledge

than would be afforded by a comparison of Voltaire's preface to Œdipe with Johnson's preface to Shakspeare.

His physiognomy, which is said to have been a combination of the eagle and the monkey, was illustrative of the character of his mind. If the soaring wing and piercing eye of the eagle opened to him all the regions of knowledge, it was only to collect materials for the gratification of that apish disposition, which seems to have delighted in grinning, with a malicious spirit of mockery, at the detected weaknesses and infirmities of human nature. Though a man may often rise the wiser, yet I believe none ever rose the *better*, from the perusal of Voltaire. The short but admirable epitaph on him may well conclude his character—

"Ci git l'enfant gâté du monde qu'il gâta."

On our return to Geneva we had as usual a battle to fight with the voiturier—a kind of animal, of all others the most nefarious—and perhaps the Swiss species is the worst. The dispute ended, as most disputes do—by the fool submitting to the knave. I paid the rascal his demand, and proceeded to Bonneville to sleep;—and the next day brought us to St. Martin.

11th. Rainy morning;—nothing to be seen. On entering the valley of Chamouni it cleared up. Stopped to examine the glacier of Bossons, which is perhaps the highest glacier in Switzerland. But all glaciers look like frozen *snow*, rather than frozen water; and in fact they are all covered more or less with a thin coat of snow. Some of the pillars, or rather spires, of ice in this glacier are above a hundred feet high.

Arrived at Chamouni before dusk;—but Mont Blanc was invisible—enveloped in mist and clouds.

It is now nearly a century since Pococke explored this valley, which was till then as little known as the interior of Africa. There are now two well-appointed inns; and during the summer season it has become the fashionable resort of all the idle tourists of Europe.

12th. Beautiful day;—but before the sun appeared above the horizon, which it did not do till nine o'clock, it was bitterly cold. I had now for the first time a fine clear view of Mont Blanc,

> —— soaring snow-clad through its native sky,
> In the wild pomp of mountain majesty—

with the whole range of *needles;* some of which appear higher to an unpractised eye than Mont

Blanc itself. But the eye is of all witnesses the most inaccurate, and it is some time before it can be taught to distinguish which is really the summit of Mont Blanc.

Rode to the cross of the Flegere; a height on the opposite side of the valley to Mont Blanc. The best point of view to look at a mountain is from an opposite *elevation*, and not from the plain. From the height of the Flegere we enjoyed the prospect in full perfection;—below, as Johnson would say, was "immeasurable profundity," and above, "inaccessible altitude." The needles now sunk to a level with ourselves, while the round head of Mont Blanc rose higher than ever.

After having inscribed our names on the cross of the Flegere, we prepared to descend, and in our way down stopped to refresh ourselves and our mules on the mossy bank of a clear spring, from whence the prospect on every side was superb;—"and all was rudeness, silence, and solitude." A tranquil and happy hour!—I was reminded of Johnson's hour of rest on a "bank such as a writer of romance would have delighted to feign" in his Tour to the Hebrides.

A full view of Mont Blanc at midnight, by the light of a glorious moon.

13th. Ascended Montanvert, to go to the *Mer de Glace.* It is impossible to describe this scene better than in the words of Coxe, who compares it to "a raging sea suddenly frozen in the midst of a violent storm." The glaciers which terminate the *Mer de Glace* debouch fairly into the valley of Chamouni in enormous masses, overturning trees, protruding forward vast blocks of granite, and threatening to advance, notwithstanding the crosses which have been set up to check their progress; many of these the Glaciers have actually overturned, in spite of the religious processions, which the superstition of the people leads them to hope will interrupt the course of nature. Vast pyramids of ice of all forms and sizes are constantly giving way, as they are pushed forward by those behind, or rather by the insensible movement of the whole mass, and they fall down with the noise of a peal of thunder.

The *Mer de Glace,* or Valley of Ice, is one of those things which, like Vesuvius, does not disappoint expectation. As that represents "the fiery floods" of the place of punishment, so this is the other extreme—the "thrilling region of thick ribbed ice." Nothing can be more awfully

sublime; and there is just enough of danger in the chasms that yawn under your feet, and the occasional cracking of the surface, to impress the mind in a manner that disposes it to feel in its full force all the grandeur of the scene. Amongst other effusions in the *Album* at Montanvert, the Empress Josephine had written a quatrain, with her own hand; but some unprincipled collector of autographs has torn out the leaf in which it had been inscribed. The registrar, however, retained the verses in his memory, and has re-written them in the book:

"Ah je sens qu'au milieu de ces grand phénomènes,
De ces tableaux touchans, de ces terribles scènes,
Tout élève l'esprit, tout occupe les yeux;
Le cœur seul, un moment, se repose en ces lieux."

1810.

An imperial quatrain is too great a curiosity to be within the reach of criticism; but how shall we explain a sentence inscribed by Madame de Stael! "Si les passions n'aneantissait—(probably aneantissaient)—la sensibilité du cœur, on verroit les hommes s'abstenir des choses impures, et que le sentiment reprouve, mais l'ame inclinée vers sa perfection ne saurait composer avec ses principes,

et jetter dans la vie une autre vie, qui conduirait à un avenir sans avenir.

De Stael Holstein, 17 Août 1815.

I own I am not Œdipus enough to understand what the Sphinx would be at here; though I have faithfully transcribed the sentence—even to a fault. If the author of the Rejected Addresses had visited Chamouni, one might almost suspect it was a *quiz*. It is certainly very like the style of the lady in question, particularly when—as it often happens to her—she does not seem to understand her own meaning. This, I suspect, is frequently the case in the mystical and metaphysical parts of her writings; which continually remind us of our old friend the Vicar of Wakefield, with his "*anarchon ara kai ateleutaion to pan.*"

I record one mere effusion, taken from the Album of Chamouni; which is more intelligible, and perhaps applies as strongly to the foregoing, as to any other piece of *galimatias* in such collections:

"J'ai pensé," says the writer, "que les grandes impressions que l'on reçoit ici donneraient de grandes pensées; que la pureté, la légèreté de

l'air qu'on y respire les feroit rendre avec netteté; parsuite j'ai donné en Juillet 1809 un registre au Montanvert, pour que les Voyageurs y consignassent leurs reflexions:—Je m'en repens. Ce que j'y ai lu—ce que je lis ici, me désespère. On a du bon sens quand on se détermine à voir la Vallée de Chamouni, mais je vois qu'on le perd en y arrivant."

My guide was one of ten who a few weeks ago attended a Polish count in an expedition to the summit of Mont Blanc. They pitched their tent the first night in a sheltered spot about two thirds of the way up; the second day they succeeded in reaching the top, and rested again at night in the same spot; and the third day they returned to Chamouni.

This was a mere excursion of pleasure and curiosity, unconnected with scientific observation, which made great part of the object of M. de Saussure's expedition in 1787. It was a short time before this, that M. Paccard, the apothecary of Chamouni, and Jacques Balma the Guide—ever afterwards called *Balma Montblanc*,—went up without any other companions, and had the glory of being the first to explore the maiden snow of these uninhabited regions of frost and

silence, which had never been disturbed by the tread of any living thing. M. de Saussure gives one caution to pedestrian travellers, which may be found of use. He advises you, before you enter upon a dangerous path, to familiarize your eye with the precipice beneath; lest the sight of it should break upon the view unexpectedly, and occasion a dizziness, that might be fatal. The guides, on the contrary, always recommend you, when you are passing the brink of a precipice, to turn your eyes away from it. This may be the best rule, when it can be done; but sometimes the precipice will obtrude itself upon you, whether you will or no, and then it is certainly as well to be previously prepared for it.

14th. Returned to Geneva.—As the weather was fine, I had an opportunity of seeing all that is to be seen between Chamouni and St. Martin. Though the scenery is occasionally very grand, yet it cannot be compared with Lauterbrunn and Interlaken. Mont Blanc improves as one recedes from him. A mountain like a hero loses much from juxtaposition. I was disappointed in the impression he made upon me when I was face to face with him at Chamouni; but at the Torrent-noir, or on the bridge of St. Martin, he might—

addressing me as the ghost of Banquo—say with Macbeth—"Why so—being gone—I am myself again!"

15th. Arrived at Aix—a small town in Savoy. The hot springs are much celebrated for their effects in removing all chronic pains. The baths are well built, and the expense of bathing is very trifling. It is a sulphurated water so hot, that the thermometer stands at 110. The general mode of bathing is the *douche*, as it is called;—the water is made to fall from the height of some feet, and is conducted by a pipe, so as to play with considerable force upon the part affected. After being parboiled in this manner for twenty minutes, they wrap you up in a blanket, and carry you back to bed. The *douche* is very fatiguing. After a trial for ten days, the only effects it produced on me were nausea, headache, and general debility; so I resolved to change the scene.

26th. Drove to Chamberry;—passed the day in strolling with Rousseau's Confessions in my hand to *Les Charmettes*, the quiet retreat in which he lived with his *Maman*, Madame de Warens. His description of her person is one of the most animated pictures of grace and beauty that ever was

penned; and her gentle and benevolent character is still more interesting than her beauty.

The house is situated in a valley surrounded by mountains; but scarcely a vestige remains of the garden, which he tells us he cultivated with his own hands.

27th. I once more consigned myself to a voiturier to be conveyed to Lyons. The road across the mountains is romantic. This road is the work of Charles Emanuel, second Duke of Savoy, who has recorded his achievement in an inscription as —"*Romanis intentatum cæteris desperatum*"—but it has been thrown into the shade by the imperial road-maker of the Simplon, who has here also cut his way in a straight line through the mountain by a subterraneous tunnel of many hundred yards long.

At *Pont-de-Beauvoisin* our baggage was strictly searched. The custom-house is in the habit of instituting a very rigorous examination on this frontier, for the ostensible purpose of preventing the introduction of Geneva goods, particularly watches and jewellery; but it is notorious that cases of watches are carried over the mountains by men on foot in large quantities; and the rate

of insurance is so low, that it would lead one to suppose there must be a secret understanding between the custom-house and the smuggler.

The first impression of France is favourable; but as you approach Lyons, the country becomes more bleak and open.

28th. Arrived at Lyons before sun-set. Lyons is the Manchester of France; filled with a manufacturing, money-getting tribe, who wear their hearts in their purses. The sight of an Englishman is wormwood to them; and well it may—for we seem to be travelling fast towards surpassing them even in their own staple manufacture.

The first view of Lyons is grand; the Rhone and the Saone flow through it in parallel lines, and the broad-paved quays of the Rhone are magnificent.

First sight of French soldiery;—fine stout looking men; but their pale livery has a bad effect.

29th. There are several interesting Roman antiquities in the neighbourhood of Lyons; and the aqueducts of Marc Anthony still remain on the mountain Fourvières.

At the Hotel de Ville are the celebrated bronze tablets which record a memorable speech of the Emperor Claudius.

Made a tour of the principal silk manufactories; and, without professing to be a very accurate judge, I thought not only their pocket-handkerchiefs, but their silk stockings, very inferior to our own. The price of a handkerchief is five francs; a pair of silk stockings of the best quality costs twelve francs. In all their stuffs the inferiority of the French taste in the pattern is very conspicuous; at least it is generally what we should call staring, flaunting, and vulgar—but perhaps there is no disputing about taste in the patterns of silk.

Lyons seems to be full of Buonapartists. They received him with enthusiasm on his return from Elba; and yet one might have thought that the recollections of the reign of terror—of Collot d'Herbois, Fouché, and Châlier—would have given a bias to the Lyonese politics against this child and champion of the Revolution.

30th. Nothing can be more evident than the hostile feeling towards England and Englishmen, which manifests itself here on every occasion. Nor is it surprising, when we consider that the Lyonese regard us as the causes of the decline of their commerce; for the dulness of trade is as much the subject of complaint here as every where

else, at the present moment; and the *odium mercatorium* is perhaps, next to the *odium theologicum*, one of the deadliest sources of enmity.

The Valets de Place pointed out with precision the spot where Hannibal crossed the Rhone; though Whittaker, who acts as moderator between Polybius and Livy, and occasionally sets them both right, would wish to make it quite clear that he crossed the river at Loriol in Dauphiny; and that he marched up the course of the Rhone, keeping the river on his left, all the way to Geneva.

The accounts I hear of the climate of this place dissuade me from thinking of passing the winter here. No place is more subject to sudden changes from heat to cold. There is also a great deal of rain, and the winter is cold and long. Besides, it is not pleasant to reside in a town where the public feeling is so hostile to you; and amongst a people who look daggers at you, though they may use none.

October 1st. The great hospital at Lyons is a noble establishment, and all the arrangements are calculated to promote the comfort of the patients. It is attended by the *Sœurs de la charité*, who officiate as nurses, with a kind spirit of benevolence

that must be as beneficial to the minds as to the bodies of their patients.

One cannot look without respect and admiration at these devoted sisters of Christianity, whose profession of vows has been made with a view to enlarge rather than to contract the sphere of their utility.

None of the common objections to monastic institutions have any application to this order of nuns, which is founded on a practical imitation of the conduct of their Divine Master, who, according to the simple narrative of the Evangelist, "went about doing good."

2d. While I was deliberating into what quarter of the world I should move, I stumbled on a voiturier, who was on the point of setting out for Montpellier. When you have no decided will of your own, the best way, I believe, is to commit yourself to the tide of events, and let them carry you *quocunque ferat tempestas.* At least it was in this disposition of mind that I hurried back to my hotel to collect my packages—and before I had time to consider whether I had done well or ill, I found myself at Vienne where we slept. At this place, there are some relics of the Romans;

and the people show you a house which they tell you belonged to Pontius Pilate, and in which they would have you believe that he died.

It was here that Pius VI. the late Pope, breathed his last, who confirmed by the misfortunes of his reign the presentiment to which his title had given rise; for the number six has always been considered at Rome as ominous.

Tarquinius *Sextus* was the very worst of the Tarquins, and his brutal conduct led to a revolution in the government;—it was under Urban the *sixth*, that the great schism of the west broke out;—and Alexander the *sixth* outdid in crime all that his predecessors amongst the Tarquins, or the Popes, had ventured to do before him. It was during his papacy, that the line was written, which in after times was applied to the election of his successor Pius VI.

"Semper sub sextis perdita Roma fuit."

In Pius VI.'s life, "nothing became him like the leaving of it;" and he attracted more respect by the piety and resignation with which he bore the insults heaped upon him by the French during his captivity, than he could ever have commanded in the palace of the Vatican.

3d. I should have embarked in the *Coche d'eau* at Lyons, and descended the Rhone to Avignon; but the pleasure of this scheme depends entirely upon the state of the wind. If this be adverse, as in the present case, you may be detained many days, and there is no certainty of arriving at any habitable inn to rest at night. The views of the river with the surrounding scenery have to-day been very pleasing; but it would be profanation to compare them with the lovely Wye, and "the dear blue hills of my own country."

The more I see of France, the less am I able to understand how it has gained the title of *La belle France*. The phrase cannot certainly refer to *picturesque* beauty, of which no country has less to boast. Perhaps this deficiency may in some measure account for the utter want of taste for the beauties of nature, in the English sense of that phrase, which is so remarkable a feature in the French character.

A Frenchman cannot understand the feeling that is delighted with the contemplation of picturesque beauty; it is as unintelligible to him, as the pleasure of music to a man who has no ear.

His *beau ideal* of landscape is that which produces the greatest quantity of corn, wine, and oil.

He will indeed chatter about *les belles horreurs* of a Swiss scene; but the very terms he uses prove how incapable he is of communing with nature, and interpreting the language she speaks in the sublime scenes which she there addresses to the imagination.

4th. *La belle France* grows dirtier and dirtier. Sunday is no sabbath here. All the shops are open, and every thing goes on as usual. Even the butchers are at work, elbow-deep, in their horrid occupation. We halted in the middle of the day at the little town of Tain, near which are the vineyards so famous for their red and white hermitage. This tract, however, cannot supply a tithe of the wine which is sold under that name. It is a small black grape, rough and unpleasant upon the palate. It would seem that all the good wine is exported, for the sample which was given me as the best was but ordinary stuff. The end of our day's journey brought us to Valence. It was at the military school of this place that Napoleon was educated, and he practised the first lessons of the art of war on the Champ de Mars of Valence.

There is a story current here, that, from want of

means, he was reduced to the necessity of leaving his boarding-house without paying his *pension.*

5th. As you advance towards the south, the country becomes richer, and begins to wear an Italian appearance.

Encountered a large troop of deserters. In England it requires three guards to prevent one deserter from running away. Here, fifty deserters are conducted by three *gens d'armes*, like so many beasts being driven to a fair. They were most of them mere boys, and apparently in great misery.

The military spirit seems to have evaporated; or the white flag has not the same fascination that the tri-coloured possessed. Under Napoleon, the military were every thing; and the only road to honour and power was through the profession of arms. The airs of consequence which the army assumed, and the tyranny which they exercised over all the rest of the world, to whom they applied the contemptuous appellation of *pequins*, were almost as intolerable as the old grievances of which the Roturiers complained against the Nobles.

This is no longer the case. The *prestige* of military glory received its death's blow at Waterloo; and the army feel now, that they no longer

enjoy that paramount weight and consideration in public opinion, upon which their insolence was founded;

> Fortuna sævo læta negotio, et
> Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
> Transmutat incertos honores—

Fame and honour are now to be gained by fighting the battles of the Senate, towards which the public attention and public interest are almost exclusively directed.

I deviated from the road at Loriol, to examine the banks of the river at this point, where Whittaker would demonstrate that Hannibal passed with his army. He relies much upon a passage in Livy describing Hannibal's course after he had passed the river:

"*Postero die, profectus adversa ripa Rhodani, mediterranea Galliæ petit, non quia rectior ad Alpes via esset, sed, quantum a mari recessisset, minus obvium fore Romanum credens, cum quo, priusquam in Italiam ventum foret, non erat in animo manus conserere. Quartis castris, ad insulam pervenit; ibi Arar Rhodanusque amnes confluunt in unum.*"

So far so good.—Loriol would certainly be about four days' march from Lyons, where the Rhone and the Arar (now the Saone) unite, and where they once formed an island.

But, if the authority of Livy is to be relied on, how shall we reconcile what he says afterwards, with the supposition of Hannibal's having marched up the Rhone to Lyons?—Livy says, that after leaving *this island;*—"*quum jam Alpes peteret, non recta regione iter instituit, sed ad lævam in Tricastinos flexit, inde per extremam oram Vocontiorum agri tetendit in Tricorios, haud usquam impedita viâ priusquam ad Druentiam flumen pervenit.*" Now, the *Tricastini* were to the *south* of Loriol; and how he could have passed *per extremam oram Vocontiorum,* to arrive at the *Tricorii,* will puzzle any one who will examine the map. But the last is the greatest riddle of all; what could bring him to the *Druentia,* now *La Durance?* Again, if Livy be correct, Hannibal passed the river *in Volcarum agrum,* which can hardly be made to extend to Loriol. But I believe we must conclude, from reading Livy's account of this matter, which is throughout so inconsistent with itself, that he wrote it without his map of Gaul

before him, or else, that our map of Gaul is very different from his.*

We halted at night at Montelimart.

* Since writing the above, I have read an ingenious treatise, by M. de Luc of Geneva; who takes the text of Polybius for his guide, and gives very satisfactory reasons for setting Livy aside, wherever their authorities differ. M. de Luc makes Hannibal cross the Rhone lower down than Loriol, in the neighbourhood of Avignon. His four days' march then brings him to the *Isere*, at the point where it falls into the Rhone. This river, which in the different editions of Polybius, is called *Iscar* or *Scoras*, by a corruption of the Latin text which puzzled the Commentators, has been converted by the editors of Livy, from *Bisarar*, into *Arar*. If, instead of three letters, they had been content with removing one, it would have left *Isarar*, which is very nearly its modern name. This then is the *Insula* at which Hannibal arrives;—*viz.* that tract of country *insulated* on all sides but one, by the Rhone and the Isere. He then makes for the Alps, but not directly, on account of the mountains of *les Echelles*, over which there was no road at that time. He turns therefore *ad lævam;*—that is, instead of due east, he marches north-east round these mountains, until he comes to the *Druentia*, which is not the *Durance*,—but the *Drance*. This river runs through Chamberry, and falls into the Rhone near Yenne—the ancient Ejanna. M. de Luc, whose reasoning is for the most part clear and convincing, conducts Hannibal from the Drance to the pass of the little St. Bernard, and so down the valley of Aoste to Ivrée. Here Hannibal is obliged to deviate from his direct road, in order to take Turin—the capital of the ancient *Taurini*, whose alliance he had been unable to conciliate; after which he marches with all haste to encounter Scipio on the banks of the *Ticinus*—now the Tesino;—and there M. de Luc leaves him.

6th. Near Montelimart was the *Chateau de Grignan;* where Madame de Sévigné fell a victim to maternal anxiety, and was buried in the family vault. The Chateau was destroyed during the fury of the Revolution, and the leaden coffins in the vaults presented too valuable a booty to be spared, by the brutal ruffians of those days. The body of Madame de Sévigné had been embalmed, and was found in a state of perfect preservation, richly dressed;—but no respect was paid to virtue even in the grave; every thing, even to the dress she wore, was pillaged and taken away; and the naked corpse left to mingle, as it might, with its native dust.

This unnatural war with the dead is one of the most revolting features of the French revolution. What must be the character of that people who could find gratification in rifling the sanctuary of the tomb; and who, carrying their enmity beyond the grave, could glut their brutal and cowardly revenge in offering insults to the defenceless remains of the most illustrious characters in the history of their country? No respect was paid to rank, or sex, or virtue; and this was not a solitary outrage, committed at a single place, but the general practice throughout France. A fellow passenger tells

me that he saw the body of Laura, the mistress of Petrarch, exposed to the most brutal indignities in the streets of Avignon. It had been embalmed, and was found in a mummy state, of a dark brown colour. It was the same every where;—the best and the worst of the Bourbons—Henry IV.—and Louis XI. were exposed to equal indignities, nor could the deeds of Turenne himself protect his corpse from the profanation of these ferocious violators. All the cruelties committed upon the living, during the reign of blood and terror, will not stamp the French name with so indelible a stain, as these unmanly outrages upon the dead. The first may find some palliation, weak as it is, in the party rage, and political animosity, of an infuriated populace;—but what can be urged in extenuation of the last? it is worse than the fury of the beasts: for of the Lion at least we are told —that he "preys not upon carcasses." I blush, in venting my indignation against the French, at the recollection of the indignities that were offered in my own country, to the remains of Cromwell and of Blake, who were both taken from Westminster Abbey—the first, to be hanged at Tyburn and buried under the gallows—and the last, to be cast into a pit in St. Margaret's church; but I console

myself with thinking, that this was done by the "express command" of the government of that day, in which the people had no share, and by which, I trust, our character as a nation cannot be affected.

We crossed the Rhone at the *Pont de St. Esprit*, which is 3,000 feet long, being nearly three times the length of the bridge at Westminster. It is turned against the stream with a point like a bastion. From the road you command a view of the *Pont du Gard*, a splendid relic of Roman architecture, built to connect the ranges of an aqueduct which extends for seventeen miles;—fragments of which are still remaining in various parts of the hills.

The first entrance into Languedoc is not prepossessing; as you travel to the south you find all the comforts of civilization decrease, and dirt and wretchedness flourish.—Slept at Bagnols.

7th. The kitchen of a village inn in Languedoc is enough to damp the strongest appetite. I wished for the pencil of Wilkie at Remoulins, a little village where we breakfasted this morning. While the host, who plays as many parts as Buskin in the farce, was killing the devoted fowl, his cat ran away with the sausages intended to

garnish it. Poor Chanticleer was laid down to finish his death-song as he could, while the host pursued puss to her retreat, which was so well chosen, that a third of the sausages were gone before he discovered her. Puss however paid dearly for it in the end;—for in endeavouring to make her escape under a door, the aperture was so small that her hinder legs and tail were left on the hither side of it, upon which mine host wreaked his vengeance, by stamping most unmercifully. At last we sat down to Grimalkin's leavings; and though the landlord had no "appliances and means" to help him, nor scarcely a stick of wood with which to make a fire, he did contrive, somehow or other, to furnish a very tolerable breakfast; and this seems to be the great merit of French cookery—that it can make something out of nothing. Moliere observes that any body can dress a dinner with money and materials; and if a professed cook cannot do it without, his art is not worth a farthing.

This part of Languedoc may be very rich and productive, but nothing can be less pleasing to the eye—stone walls instead of hedges—no meadow—no cattle—and no trees, but the olive, which add little to the beauty of the landscape.

A poor Carmelite nun joined our party, who had been driven out of her convent in Spain by the French, and was now seeking an asylum.

The rigid austerities practised in her convent had not however extinguished entirely the vanity of her sex, some remains of which still lurked under her coarse black hood, breaking out in the delight with which she traced up the antiquity of her order, higher than all other monastic institutions, to Elijah, and mount Carmel.

Nismes, where we arrived in the evening, is full of Roman antiquities. There is an amphitheatre in good preservation; and the *Maison Quarrée*, as it is called, is one of the most beautiful relics of ancient architecture that have come down to us. It has been supposed that this temple was built in the reign of Augustus; and Monsieur Seguier has contrived to decypher an inscription which contains the names of Marcus Agrippa, and his sons; but this inscription is not very satisfactorily made out; and those arguments seem to be the strongest, which, from a comparison of the minuteness and profusion of ornaments of the *Maison Quarrée* with the more simple architecture of the Augustan age, would fix its date at a later period.

8th. My first impression of the French cha-

racter is, that it must be greatly changed from that gay and lively frivolity, of which we used to hear so much. My fellow passengers are serious and reserved; each man seems to suspect his neighbour; and at the *Table d'Hôte*, where I have dined and supped during my route, the company could not have been more silent and sombre, if the scene had been laid in England during the month of November. There is a crest-fallen look about them, and they shake their heads and shrug their shoulders when they talk of the Congress, in gloomy apprehension of the future.

This seventh day's journey brought us at last to Montpellier; where, being heartily tired of the jumbling of the carriage, I was well disposed to make a halt.

CHAPTER XIII.

Montpellier—Climate—Party Spirit—Conscription—Buffon—Iron Mask—Rousseau—Journey to Toulouse—Beziers—Canal of Languedoc.

October 9th. THE situation of Montpellier is very fine; and the environs are pretty. The view from the *Place de Peyrou*, where from one spot you see the Mediterranean to the south, and on a fine day may command the Pyrenees to the west, and the Alps to the east, is superb. All the statues which once ornamented this place were destroyed during the inconoclastic fury of the revolution.

10th. Engaged a lodging in a clean protestant family on the *Boulevard de la Comédie;* and for two rooms am to pay sixty francs per month. I would rather have established myself in a *maison de pension*, but there is no such thing in Montpellier; so that one is forced to dine at a restaurateur's, which to an invalid in winter-time is a serious inconvenience.

There is a custom amongst the restaurateurs in this part of France, which to a resident is worth

knowing. If you dine regularly at the same house, you may, by paying a certain sum in advance, have credit for one-fifth more than you have paid.

11th to 18th. A week of severe illness. It is difficult to conceive how Montpellier ever obtained a name for the salubrity of its climate. For pectoral complaints it is probably one of the worst in the world. It is true, there is almost always a clear blue sky; but the air is sharp and biting, and you are constantly assailed by the *bise*, or the *marin;*—and it is difficult to say which of these two winds is the most annoying.

The one brings cold, and the other damp. The climates of Europe are but litttle understood in England, nor indeed is it an easy thing to ascertain the truth, with respect to climate. Travellers generally speak from the impression of a single season, and we all know how much seasons vary.

I believe that Pisa is the very best place on the continent during the winter for complaints of the chest; and Nice, of which I speak from good authority, is perhaps the very worst. The air of the first, which is situated in a low plain, is warm, mild, and muggy; that of the second is pure, keen, and piercing. The air of Montpellier is of this latter character;—it is as different from Pisa,

as frisky cider from milk and water, and every mouthful of it irritates weak lungs, and sets them coughing. If there be any climate preferable to Pisa, it may perhaps be Rome; where the air is pure without being piercing; and, if one might illustrate it by a comparison with a liquor, I should compare it to cowslip wine.

19th. Nothing can be more dull than Montpellier is at present. There is nothing going on in the shape of amusement or instruction. It is vacation, and the lecture-rooms are shut. There is but little society; and the good people here, as if civil dudgeon were not enough to set folks together by the ears, have seasoned their dissensions with the *sauce piquante* of religious hatred—and are with difficulty restrained from cutting each other's throats. While the present king lives, things may continue quiet; but the protestants seem to fear that under his more orthodox brother the tragedy of St. Bartholomew might be revived.

Nor do these fears seem to be wholly without foundation. The scenes that took place here and at Nismes, in 1815, after the second abdication of Napoleon, were dreadful. The triumph of a party in France is something more than a change of ministry; for the *re-action* that it produces

amongst the inflammable inhabitants of the southern provinces, is followed by proscriptions and massacres.

The party that is uppermost cannot be content without cutting the throats of their opponents. This they proceeded to do in 1815, but the king interposed to check the outrageous zeal of his ultra-adherents; and this is likely to happen again at any time, if, instead of endeavouring to be the common protector of all his people, the king by the formation of an ultra-royalist ministry were content to be the head of a faction.

The way in which the election of deputies for the department of Gard was conducted in the year 1815, shows the means by which the ruling party in this part of the world would wish to maintain its ascendancy;—no less than thirteen protestant electors were assassinated in their way to the electoral college.

One is astonished by the amount of the population in the French towns; Nismes is said to contain forty thousand souls, and Montpellier five-and-thirty thousand; and you wonder where they can be stowed.

I am surprised to find at this place, which has been so long the resort of well-informed people,

such a lamentable inattention to the most indispensable comforts and decencies of life. It would require the pen of Winifred Jenkins herself to describe some of the miserable expedients of *la belle France!*

Attended at the theatre, which was crowded to excess, to witness the drawing for the conscription.

This law, which was held up as the great motive for resisting the tyranny of Napoleon, is nevertheless still continued by his successors.

The drawing was an amusing scene and truly French. The people assemble in a sort of amphitheatre. The *Préfet* presides. The names of all those of the prescribed age are called over; and every man of whatever rank, high or low, answers to his name, and draws his lot. If he is absent, the *Préfet* draws it for him. When any one drew a number above the complement required, thereby ensuring his own exemption, his antics of joy were in the highest degree comic; and when the number was within the complement, the exultation of the spectators, whose own prospects were thereby bettered, were expressed by the loudest applause, without any consideration for the feelings of the drawer. The present as-

sessment is light enough, as may be collected from the price of a substitute, who may now be procured for 500 francs, whereas, in Napoleon's time, the price has been as high as 14,000 francs.

There needs but one law more—a property tax, which is a conscription of money, as the other is of men—the one operating on the purses, as the other does upon the persons of men—to complete a perfect system of despotism.

Wherever these two laws are thoroughly established, and the people trained to submit to them, the rights of personal security and private property are annihilated.

If governments would never raise more men or more money than the public interest required, both these laws are perhaps the best, because the simplest, the fairest, and the cheapest, in arriving at their object. But constituted as human nature is, none but an essentially popular government could be trusted with such a tremendous engine, which would place at its disposal every man, and every shilling that he has—in case of necessity;—a plea which was never yet wanting to justify any exercise of power.

Napoleon did in fact take away the whole population at one fell swoop, and there is no saying

where a property tax might stop, on this side of ninety-nine per cent. For the principle of the tax once admitted, the *Sorites* argument would never be wanting, to furnish the minister of finance with a pretence for plucking out one more hair;

> "Utor permisso, caudæque pilos ut equinæ
> Paullatim vello: et demo unum demo etiam unum;
> Dum cadat elusus ratione ruentis acervi."

Still, however, there are so many arguments in favour of a property tax properly modified, that in a free government like England, where the people through their representatives exercise a control over the national expenditure, there seems but one condition wanting to make it the best, as it is unquestionably the fairest and cheapest mode of raising money, which is, that it should be the *only* tax. In this case, it might safely be trusted to the feelings of the representatives themselves, to take care that a tax, which came home so immediately to their own business and bosoms, was not unnecessarily increased.

If this had been the system of raising the supplies in England during the last century, it may well be doubted whether such vast sums would have been expended;—sums which are easily

voted, when it is proposed that they shall be raised by an increase of duty of a halfpenny upon this, and a penny on that article;—a proposal that is agreed to, as a matter of course, and nobody thinks it worth while to pause and consider from whose pocket the money is to come. If then all other taxes were abolished, the property tax might be hailed as a security for economy of expenditure, as it is in itself the least expensive of all taxes, in the collection. It has been calculated that a man already pays at least the half of his income, in some shape or other, to the support of government. If this be so, he would surely not fare the worse by paying the same sum openly as a 50 per cent. duty upon property; which would then reach the exchequer without being subjected to the enormous deductions that are now made from it by all the various charges of collection.

This would then be the only shape in which the tax-gatherer would appear, and England might hope to become again, beyond all others, the land of cheapness and plenty.

But if the property tax be brought forward only when all other means fail; for there is a limit to indirect taxation—when two and two no

longer make four—when increase of duty only produces decrease of consumption—if it be introduced as the *pincers*, to extract those sums which will not yield to the common *turn-screw* of taxation,—it must then be regarded as an additional weight to the already enormous burden, under the pressure of which the agriculture, the trade, and the prosperity of the country are now languishing.

It would not be one of the least advantages of such a system of taxation, that it would take away the arguments of those who, for their own purposes, seek to persuade the labouring classes that the principal part of the taxes, as at present imposed, is paid by them. These arguments, however, have manifestly no foundation; for no axiom of political economy seems more clear, than that the taxes upon the necessaries of life are not, in point of fact, paid by the labouring classes themselves; and that by increasing or diminishing the duty of any article of their necessary consumption, little more is done, as it regards them, than eventually to increase or diminish the rate of their wages. They do indeed feel all taxes, but it is remotely, and in the same way that they would

really feel the property tax;—namely, by the operation of that and every other tax upon capital, in abridging the means of employing them.

One of the conscripts behaved so riotously, that the gens d'armes took him into custody; but, as they were conducting him through the streets, his mother raised a mob in his favour, who, after a sharp struggle, succeeded in rescuing the prisoner from his keepers, and bore him off in triumph.

20th. While sitting at breakfast this morning, I saw my hero of yesterday with his mother, tied back to back in a cart, escorted by a large party of cavalry, who lodged them safely in the prison of the town.

Attended the drill of the recruits, which is constantly going on, as if France were preparing for an immediate campaign. The dishabille of the soldiers, especially of the cavalry, is very slovenly. The infantry march to the sound of the drum alone, for there are no fifers amongst them. The troops in this quarter are small, slight, and scraggy; and if I am not mistaken, there is more of muscle and sinew in one Englishman than in half a score of them. I speak only of the infantry; for there is a great contrast between them

and the cavalry, who seemed to be picked men. Went to the theatre for the first, and for the last time. The actors were worse than I ever saw in England.

21st to 28th. Confined to the house. Rambled through Buffon's—*Discours sur la Nature des Animaux*—which is very ingenious and clever, excepting his blasphemy against love, of which he seems to have had a very low opinion. He seems to think that love and friendship cannot be identified, and felt for the same object. Did he judge from his experience of French women?

Buffon, with all his eloquence, is a remarkable instance of that national coarseness and grossness of feeling, which is so much the characteristic of the French. They are eminently deficient in sensibility, imagination, and enthusiasm; when they attempt to be sentimental, they do but talk it,—and cannot even *talk* it well. I doubt whether the *Pleasures of Imagination* could be made intelligible to them by any translation. Every man thinks he knows the meaning of sentiment;—and yet, it is a difficult word to define, without determining its application; but I believe it is commonly used in opposition to mere animal sense, which is all that the French word *sentiment* often signifies.

For instance, the sentiment of love, in our use of the word, is something very different from the animal sense, which may be perhaps the foundation of the passion between the sexes. It is sense refined and exalted, through the influence of mind, by purer thoughts, and higher considerations; which, while they strip the passion of its grossness, increase its intensity and energy, and by expanding its views, convert the transitory enjoyment of animal desire, into a feeling as durable and lasting as the mind itself.

But, let us hear Buffon on this subject. "Amour! Désir inné! Ame de la Nature!—— Source féconde de tout plaisir, de toute volupté, pourquoi fais-tu l'état heureux de tous les êtres, et le malheur de l'homme?

"C'est qu'il n'y a que la physique de cette passion qui soit bon, c'est que, malgré ce que peuvent dire les gens épris, le moral n'en vaut rien.—— Les animaux guidés par le sentiment seul——leurs désirs sont toujours proportionnés à la puissance de jouir, ils sentent autant qu'ils jouissent, et ils ne jouissent qu'autant qu'ils sentent.

"L'homme, au contraire, en voulant inventer des plaisirs, n'a fait que gâter la Nature.——

"Tout ce qu'il y a de bon dans l'amour appartient donc aux animaux tout aussi bien qu'à nous."

Who but a *Frenchman* could have written thus? but a Frenchman cannot rise out of the mire of sensuality;—and their literature is full of sneers and ridicule of that enthusiasm of heart, and elevation of soul, which seek to improve our nature,

"And lift from earth our low desire."

29th. Inspection of soldiers, and grand field-day. Nothing can be less showy than the appearance of the infantry. They have no feathers or tufts in their caps, nor fifers in their band. In going through the manual exercise, the French seem to be much quicker than any soldiers I have seen. For instance—present arms—and—order arms—are performed at two motions; which in our own drill, I believe, employ three distinct acts.

The soldiers are as rapid in executing manœuvres, as in going through the exercise. But the word of command is much more noisy than with us; and it is repeated and vociferated by the officers, from the colonel downwards, so as to resemble the hallooing of cattle-drivers.

30th. Crawled round the botanical garden;—

the pleasantest promenade in Montpellier. It was here that Young, the poet, buried his daughter. The longer I stay at Montpellier, the less I like it. The inhabitants are characterised in the proverbs of their own country. Pound seven Jews in a mortar, says one of these, and the juice will make one Montpelliard.—Proverbs must always be understood with some grains of allowance; though they have generally a foundation in truth. But, it would be unfair to judge of Montpellier during the vacation. It is a celebrated school of medicine, and the lectures, in that liberal spirit which distinguishes the public institutions of this country—and I am glad of an opportunity of speaking in favour of France—are open to all that choose to attend, without any expense.

31st. Stumbled "in the course of my reading," upon an account of the taking of the Bastile, in which there is an attempt to clear up the mystery of the man in the iron mask. It is stated that a paper was found, recording the arrival of *Fouquet* in the Bastile from the island of St. Marguerite, in an iron mask.

This suggestion receives some corroboration from the history of Fouquet's disgrace and punishment; in which there are such remarkable coin-

cidences with the story of the Iron Mask, that I am surprised Voltaire, who, in his Age of Louis XIV., relates Fouquet's fall immediately after his account of the mysterious prisoner, was not struck with them. For, he tells us that Fouquet was sent *to* the Isle of St. Marguerite, and that the Iron Mask was brought *from* the Isle of St. Marguerite; and, in concluding Fouquet's history, he adds this remarkable circumstance,—that while the smallest action of his life was celebrated with the most minute detail, nobody knew when or where he died.

Voltaire is unable to explain, and indeed there is something unaccountable, in the mystery and precaution which were thought necessary in the arrest and detention of Fouquet. The same reasons, whatever they were, might have suggested the continued concealment of his person in the iron mask, which has given rise to so much speculation.

Fouquet was arrested in 1661,—the precise date of the Iron Mask's arrival in the Island of St. Marguerite. We know that, after an imprisonment of twenty-nine years, the Iron Mask was removed from St. Marguerite, by the keeper of the prison in that island, to the Bastile, upon his

appointment to the governorship of that fortress. Now, Voltaire tells us, that though nothing certain was known with respect to Fouquet's end, yet, there was a notion amongst his friends, that he had quitted the Island of St. Marguerite before his death.

These are remarkable coincidences; nor is there any thing in Fouquet's age to make the identity of these two persons impossible. The removal of the Iron Mask to the Bastile took place in 1690, and he died in 1703, after a captivity of forty-two years. Fouquet was born in 1615, and was Intendant General of the Finances in 1643, at the age of twenty-eight. In 1661, the date of his arrest, he was forty-six, and forty-two years of captivity will make him eighty-eight at the time of his death;—that is, if he were indeed the Iron Mask who died in 1703.

November 1st to 8th. A week of confinement. Rambled through Voltaire, Bayle, and Rousseau. Rousseau's "Confession of a Savoyard Curate," though written, as it would seem, to invalidate the authority of Christianity, leaves behind an impression in its favour, stronger perhaps than is produced by most works written purposely to defend it.

And indeed, Bishop Porteus has not disdained to quote it from the pulpit, to advocate the cause of religion. It is one of the most splendid specimens of eloquence extant in any language, and the whole tone of the sentiments illustrates a passage in one of Voltaire's letters to Hume. "You are mistaken," says he, "in Rousseau; he has a hankering after the Bible,—and is little better than a Christian after a fashion of his own."

After all, what is there that can be urged against Christianity, which may not be directed with equal force against Deism? The doubts of the Atheist, considered as a question of abstract reasoning, can only perhaps be answered,—as Berkeley's reasoning against the existence of the material world was answered—by boldly begging the question at issue, and resolving the cause of our belief into an original principle of our constitution. For the existence of an infinite first Cause can never be made a matter of demonstration. The *physical* proof, derived from the order and arrangement of the universe, is manifestly inconclusive. The intelligence of the work may prove an intelligent contriver:—but it cannot *therefore* follow, that the contriver is Eternal—Almighty—Infinite—all, in a word, that we in-

clude under the sacred name. Again, the *metaphysical* proof, as it is called, which, from the consciousness of our own existence, would trace it up to some necessarily existing first cause, is not a jot more satisfactory. The sum and substance of the whole argument amounts to this. I exist—therefore something exists. If something exists—something must have existed from all eternity; for "*Nothing can come of nothing;*"—and this something is the first cause, of which we are in search. But the axiom on which this argument is founded, *ex nihilo nihil fit*, will cut both ways; and it is perhaps more incomprehensible to human faculties to conceive an uncaused first cause, than to meet the difficulty in the first stage;—and consider the world itself as uncaused and eternal. The Atheist indeed neither affirms nor denies; but suggests that the existence of a Deity is an arbitrary hypothesis, to account for the phenomena of the universe. Can the Deist confute him by argument? Must he not at last be brought to acknowledge that his own belief is founded upon *faith?*—and the speculative Atheist will probably not deny that it is a faith, which we all feel impelled, by the very constitution of our nature, to

admit intuitively, as soon as we can comprehend the terms of the proposition;—for Atheism is a doctrine which, however the head may be amused with its subtleties, the heart rejects. But does the faith of the Deist go far enough? Will Deism satisfy the head, or administer consolation to the heart? Is it not a cold and comfortless creed, alike unsatisfactory to both?—unless indeed we could return again to Paradise. Adam might have been a Deist, and contentedly a deist; but fallen man has need of something more. The world is no longer a happy garden. Evil assaults us on every side; and we need not look farther than our own hearts, for evidence of the continued existence of that rebellious opposition to sense of duty, which we are taught was the cause of its introduction into the world. But be the cause what it might—the existence of evil, in every appalling form, cannot be denied; here it is; and how will the Deist reconcile these phenomena with his abstract ideas of a Deity, without having recourse to the Revelation that he denies?—which not only explains the fearful mystery of our present situation, but at the same time points out the remedy; and furnishes us with assurances, which unassisted

reason could never have suggested, by which we are enabled to look forward with faith and hope, to a better state of existence hereafter.

9th. Left Montpellier in the diligence at night; and arrived at Beziers to breakfast next morning.

The French diligences have been very much improved of late years, but there is still room for further progress. The carrying six inside, which is the usual complement, is detestable. The conducteur, answering to our *guard*, rides in the cabriolet; while the vehicle is driven by a postillion, who manœuvres his five horses, which are marshalled two at wheel and three leaders abreast, with admirable dexterity, riding on the near side wheel-horse. The horses seem to be trained with great care, and obey the word of command like a troop of soldiers.

In Italy and France, the voice is much more used than the whip, in the government of horses; indeed it is, I believe, with beasts as with men,—mild treatment will often reclaim tempers that kicks and blows would only tend to make more brutal and vicious.

My companions in the diligence were all on the *qui vive*, for the carriage had been stopped and robbed two evenings before, by a single footpad.

This fellow had practised a most ingenious stratagem to effect his purpose. He manufactured ten men of straw, and drew them up in the road in battle array;—then, having taken his post a little in advance, he ordered the diligence to stop; threatening, if the least resistance was offered, to call up his companions, and put all the passengers to death. In this manner he laid the whole party under contribution, amongst whom were two Spanish merchants, whose purses were heavily laden.

10th. Beziers is situated on a commanding eminence, from whence there is a beautiful view of the river Orbe, and a rich and cultivated valley, for many miles. Its situation would have tempted me to make some stay, but the streets were so dirty, and the appearance of the people so miserable, that I despaired of finding a decent residence.

There is a *coche d'eau*, which goes every day from Beziers at twelve o'clock, by the famous canal of Languedoc, to Toulouse. Finding that this passage-boat would be four days in making the voyage, as the weather was very bad, I decided to continue in the diligence. In fine weather the boat offers a pleasant and most economical

mode of traversing this country. The fare of each day's passage is 30 sous, and the universal price throughout France, regulated by law, for supper at the table d'hôte and lodging, is three francs and a half; though an Englishman is generally charged as much again; but if he travels by a public conveyance, he *need* never pay more than the above named sum.

This canal was the work of Paul Riquet under the auspices of Louis XIV., and has been of more use to France than all his victories, and a more splendid monument of his glory than all his play-thing waterworks at Versailles. It connects the Atlantic and the Mediterranean; near this town it is carried through a mountain by means of a tunnel, which, however common now, was an extraordinary enterprize then. In some places it is conveyed by aqueducts over bridges, under which other rivers pursue their course.

In order to secure a supply of water in dry seasons a basin has been constructed at Ferreol, which is perhaps the most extraordinary part of the whole undertaking. This immense reservoir, built of granite, is an English mile in length, and about half that distance in breadth, and

contains an area of 595 acres—collecting the waters of the various springs that rise in the Black Mountain.

The road from Beziers offers little worthy of observation. Languedoc is very different in reality from the charming pictures which Mrs. Radcliffe has drawn of it in her "Mysteries of Udolpho."

The people have a miserable look, denoting poverty and wretchedness. Shoes and stockings are very generally dispensed with; or if shoes are worn, it is the wooden *sabot*, which is a sad clumsy contrivance.

Manure seems an article in great request in this province. Boys run after the diligence for a mile after changing horses, to catch the first fruits of exercise upon a full stomach; and I observed that a handful of this precious commodity was a common stake set between two lads in playing at quoits.

The country improves as you approach Toulouse; a neatly painted cottage occasionally meets the eye, and something like an attention to comfort is observable. After two nights and two days in the diligence, we arrived at Toulouse. I remember

the time when the very idea of two days and two nights in a stage-coach, carrying six inside and full all the way, would have made me ill. But travelling "brings us acquainted with strange bed-fellows," and is the best receipt I know for curing a fine gentleman.

CHAPTER XIV.

Toulouse—Jean Calas—Battle of Toulouse—French Politics—La Fontaine—Law of Elections—L'école Royale—French Cookery—French Cleanliness—Criminal Jurisprudence.

November 12th. THE first impression of Toulouse is favourable, though it has a deserted appearance. It has lost much of its consequence by the Revolution, which has swept away its Parliament; grass now grows in some of its streets; and the population, which was formerly as high as 80,000, is now not computed at more than 55,000. It is built of brick, and this gives it a warmer look than the cold white stone of Montpellier. The bold line of the Pyrenees forms a noble background to the view from the bridge, which is one of the chief ornaments of the town; the Garonne being here above 800 feet wide.

Established myself in a pleasant lodging in the *Rue des Cordeliers*, looking due south into a large garden. Two rooms—30 francs per month.

13th. Explored the town. In the great square

is the capitol, containing the apartments in which the estates general of Languedoc used to hold their sessions. There are two public libraries, one or other of which is open to the public every day, containing large and valuable collections of ancient and modern books in all languages, with every accommodation for reading. At Toulouse there is an University containing at least 1,500 students, and there are daily lectures in chemistry, botany, and all branches of natural philosophy; and these, like the libraries, are thrown open to all who have an inclination to benefit by them *gratis*. These are resources which make Toulouse a more agreeable residence than most provincial towns; but a provincial town is bad at best. If one must live in a town, it should be in a capital;—provincial politics and parish scandal are intolerably tiresome.

The promenades here are extensive and pretty; though the beauty of these is sadly defiled by the abominably filthy habits of the people. But this is the case throughout France; the streets and the public walks are scarcely passable, owing to the disgraceful and disgusting practices of a people, who set themselves up as models of politeness and *bienséance*.

14th to 18th. Rain. My neighbour in my lodging-house is a fine old veteran of seventy-two, whose history would furnish the materials for a novel. He tells me he was present at the execution of poor Calas, in the square of St. George in this town.

The successful efforts of Voltaire to establish his innocence, and to save his family from sharing his fate, have given notoriety to the tragic history of this venerable victim of bigotry and injustice, who, at the age of 65, was condemned to be broken alive on the wheel, for the supposed murder of his son, without a shadow of proof. It was urged against him that he had conspired with the rest of his family to put his son to death, to prevent him from becoming a convert from the protestant to the catholic religion, as one of his brothers had become before him. The truth seems to have been, that the son, who was of a melancholy temperament, had hanged himself.

Poor Calas supported the agonies of his punishment, which lasted two hours, with the most patient resignation; and while he calmly protested his own innocence, spoke with charity and forgiveness of his judges.

Nor were the blows of the executioner all that

he had to endure during these two dreadful hours; for he was also subjected to the mental racking of a catholic priest, who was torturing him with exhortations to confess his guilt.

At last the signal was given to the executioner to inflict the *coup de grace;* when the priest himself, convinced by the calm and steady denial of the dying father, addressed the surrounding populace in the following words, which seem to have been riveted in the memory of my old friend—"*Voilà l'ame du juste qui s'envole.*"

19th. Went over the scene of the battle of Toulouse. Soult's position seems to have been admirably chosen, and as strong as nature and art could make it. The difficulty of ascertaining the truth upon any one point, makes one doubt of all the details of history. The French, with their usual hardihood of assertion, would fain persuade you that the Duke of Wellington was informed of the events that had happened at Paris when he attacked Soult's position, and fought the battle of Toulouse; but that he was anxious to gather one more wreath of laurel. Napoleon abdicated on the 4th of April, and the battle of Toulouse was fought on the 10th. It has however been clearly proved in this case, that the officers despatched

from Paris to inform the Duke of Wellington of the revolution in the government were arrested and detained at Montauban by Bouvier Dumoulart, Prefect of the district; and they did not reach the Duke till the evening of the 12th;—and hence this fruitless effusion of blood six days after the abdication of Napoleon, which in fact put an end to the war.

20th. I find I have committed a great mistake in coming to Toulouse. I ought to have returned to Italy from Chamberry; for I see that a winter in France will be intolerable, after dear delightful Italy; but it is now too late to correct this error—and so I must e'en make the best of it. The English are regarded here with an evil eye, and it is not surprising that there should exist a soreness of spirit in this quarter, where the national vanity received so bitter an humiliation. I have heard my old neighbour describe the horror, indignation, astonishment, and shame, that he felt, on seeing an army of Englishmen profaning "*the sacred territory*," and marching into Toulouse *en maîtres;* though history might have furnished him with sufficient examples of similar invasions to diminish his surprise;—and even here, our Wellington was pursuing the very track which

our Black Prince had traversed as a conqueror before him. But a Frenchman reads no history that does not furnish gratification to his national vanity; and to talk to him of any thing anterior to the reign of Louis XIV., is to talk of what he knows as little, as of what happened before the Deluge.

Though the French cannot forget or forgive the battle of Toulouse, yet they speak in terms of the highest praise of the good conduct of individuals, and with admiration of the discipline of the army. It seems that they had been so accustomed to associate war with plunder and contribution, that the good old-fashioned mode which the English have never forsaken, of softening as much as possible the evils of war by paying for the supplies they demanded, struck them as something new and unheard of;—though I doubt whether this admiration be not generally accompanied with a suspicion of the motive, or a sneer at the folly of such conduct. "Few people," says Fielding, "think better of others than of themselves, nor do they readily allow the existence of any virtue of which they perceive no traces in their own minds; for which reason, it is next to impossible to persuade a rogue that you are an

honest man; nor would you ever succeed by the strongest evidence, was it not for the comfortable conclusion which the rogue draws, that he who proves himself honest proves himself a fool at the same time.". And yet the French ought to have learned, if nations could learn any thing from experience—that honesty, in the end, is the best policy; and that the policy of wisdom is, after all, the policy of virtue.

21st. Napoleon is not in the south of France the idol of that blind adoration which the Italians still pay him. His character seems here to be very correctly appreciated, and every body is fully aware of the enormous evils which he inflicted upon France by his return from Elba. The king is denounced by the ultra-royalists as a Jacobin; but the Jacobins do not recognise him as a true brother; still, I believe, he has the great mass of the people on his side. United with the *Charte*, he will always have the majority with him; but then he must not use the *Charte* like an umbrella, which is only brought out in foul weather, to ward off the pelting storm;—for the people consider it equally necessary as a parasol, to shelter them in fair weather from the scorching rays of royalty. If the king have not a greater majority now, it is

because there are some who see, or fancy they see, in the first acts of his reign, a disposition to establish principles, tending to invalidate the very existence of the compact between king and people —which they were certainly justified in believing had been solemnly accepted as the terms of his restoration. Thus, his dating his reign from the death of Louis XVII., his abandonment of the national colour which he had himself worn as Monsieur in 1789, and his second restoration at the point of foreign bayonets, have raised a spirit against him which nothing but time, and the most prudent conduct on his part, can soften.

Mr. Fox has pronounced, that of all revolutions a restoration is the worst. Generally speaking it must be so; for the restored family, bred up in ancient prejudices, can seldom forget the power which they once enjoyed; and the people will be for ever suspecting them of forming designs to recover it, whether they have such intentions or not. This want of good understanding between king and people must be greatly increased, when, as in France, the restoration has taken place by foreign interference; and when the people must feel that they have sinned beyond the bounds of forgiveness. It is indeed impossible, that there should be a cordial union between *revolutionized*

France, and the *legitimate* claims of the Bourbons. Who can expect that the King, or the Comte d'Artois, should divest themselves of all fraternal feelings; or who can be surprised that the Duchess d'Angoulême should shudder with horror at the sight of the murderers of her father, and at the recollection of the sufferings of her brother and herself? On the other side, it is equally natural that the French people, according to the maxim which lays it down that we never forgive those whom we have injured, should entertain a strong prejudice against the Bourbon family. The leading feature in the national character is vanity;—now their national vanity has been humbled in the dust, and this humiliation is, unfortunately for the Bourbons, inseparably connected with their restoration. The feeling against them was so strong on their second restoration, that proposals, it is said, were made to the Allies, offering rather to receive the King of Saxony, or the Prince of Orange, or any other King that the Allies would have vouchsafed to give them.

The throne of the Bourbons seems then to be placed upon a barrel of gunpowder; nothing but consummate prudence can reconcile the people to their sway, and prevent a fatal explosion.

It is a common notion, and the enemies of the

Bourbons are at the greatest pains to strengthen it, that the Comte d'Artois disapproves entirely of the system of the king; and that he is determined to restore the ancient regime in church and state, and to be *aut Cæsar aut nullus*. It matters little whether this be true, or not; the effect is the same—if the people can be persuaded to believe it. Accordingly, you hear a revolution talked of as a thing of course at the death of the king; and there is no saying what might happen if he were to die immediately. But if he should continue to live a few years, the system which he has commenced, will so have established itself; and the people will be so sensible of the advantages which they have obtained from the *Charte*, that the future king, be he who or what he may, will be compelled to pursue the same course, and will be without the power, whatever his inclination may be, to disturb the order of the machine of government, or endanger the tranquillity of the nation.

22d. Attended the church of the French Protestants. Heard a most excellent sermon, on the text—"*Je laverai mes mains dans l'innocence, et je m'approcherai à ton autel, o Eternel.*" The service consisted of a lesson from the Old Testa-

ment, a few prayers, a good deal of psalmody, and a sermon which was preached *memoriter*. But in the prayers, and the sermon, there was a little too much *onction* for my taste. The priest pitched his voice in a recitative key, which must become tiresome in a long service.

The congregation was numerous; each person had a chair; and there was no kneeling down. The church was cold, and the men wore their hats without ceremony.

23d. I am pleased to hear, in attending the lectures in chemistry and experimental philosophy, the constant mention of English names, and English improvements, and discoveries, with the highest eulogiums upon those of our countrymen, from Newton downwards, who have advanced the progress of knowledge. In the library to-day I discovered an Æschylus and Euripides, which had belonged to Racine, with marginal notes in his own hand-writing; but the notes were rather curious than valuable.

In the evening to the theatre; which is newly built and very handsome. *Le parti de Chasse de Henri IV.* was well acted. The air of *Vive Henri Quatre*, which was introduced in the supper scene, was very feebly applauded.

24th to 30th. Confined at home by severe indisposition.—Amused myself with La Fontaine. Charming style;—"He seems to produce without labour, what no labour could improve." This facility of production is essential to poetry, and perhaps gave rise to the maxim—*Poeta nascitur;* for if there be any appearance of effort or labour—if the numbers come from the brains like bird-lime from frieze—the whole charm is destroyed. Poetry has been well defined to be

> "Thoughts that *voluntary* move
> Harmonious numbers."

This definition is well enough as far as it goes; but to thoughts should also perhaps be added feelings, for brains alone *without heart* will never make a poet. For example, Pope, with all the requisite qualities of mind, wanted the deep and fervid feelings which are necessary to the perfection of the poetical character; without which, the poet can never ascend the brightest heaven of invention. The character of his poetry may be well illustrated by one of his own lines. It

> "Plays round the head but comes not near the heart."

He delights us by the fertility of his fancy, the

elegance of his imagination, the point and playfulness of his wit, the keen discrimination of his satire, and the moral good sense of his reasoning; but he is seldom pathetic, and never sublime. If Eloisa to Abelard be an exception to this observation, it is a solitary one—and *exceptio probat regulam;* and even in that poem the sentiment seems rather to be adopted, than to be the genuine offspring of the poet's heart.

What that soul of feeling is, that poetical *verve,* by which alone the poet can rise to sublimity, and which Pope wanted, will be understood at once, by comparing his ode on music with Dryden's divine effusion on the same subject.

His merit even in versification seems to have been over-rated. Pope may perhaps be said to have done for verses, what Arkwright did for stockings, by the invention of a sort of mechanical process in their composition. His couplets are as regular, as if they had been made with the unerring precision of a spinning-jenny;—and, indeed, in speaking of his own talent, he himself makes use of a similar illustration;

> "If every wheel of that unwearied mill
> That turn'd ten thousand verses now stand still!"

The effect of this has been to supersede the necessity of much skill in the individual workman; and accordingly, we see every day how easy it is to imitate the versification of Pope—for the mechanism was too simple to elude discovery; but where shall we look for the freedom and variety of Dryden?

But to return to La Fontaine;—what can be more affecting than his tale of the "*Two Pigeons?*" It breathes the very soul of tenderness; and there are throughout his writings touches of pathos and sensibility that will rarely be found in French poetry. What *heart* there is in the lines beginning with

Qu'un ami véritable est une douce chose!

And his love of rural retreat is expressed with almost the force and feeling of Cowper:—

"Solitude où je trouve une douceur secrète
Lieux que j'aimai toujours, ne pourrai-je jamais
Loin du monde et du bruit, gouter l'ombre et le frais?
Oh! qui m'arrêtera dans vos sombres asiles?" *&c. &c.*

December 1st. Now that the Congress has broken up, and the Allied troops are withdrawn, the attention of all parties is directed to the meet-

ing of the Chambers. The Upper Chamber consists of 150 Peers; the Chamber of Deputies, of 250 Representatives; one fifth of which is dissolved every year. The qualification for a deputy is the payment of direct taxes to the amount of 1,000 francs per annum; and it is also required that he should be 40 years of age. The qualification of an elector is the annual payment of taxes to the amount of 300 francs, and the full age of 30 years. And yet this is the new law of elections which the *ultra* royalists have denounced as being too democratical!

The chamber, which was dissolved by the king in 1815 for its ultra royalism, had been elected under the imperial system of electoral colleges;—the people electing in the first instance the electors, and the electors then nominating the representatives. The abuses which had crept into this system so utterly unfitted for its purpose—for it seems absolutely essential to a popular assembly that it should emanate immediately from the people—threw the whole power of election into the hands of the government; but it is to this system that the *Ultras* wish to return, for the result of the late elections has been very much in favour of the liberal party. That this should

have been the case is sufficiently extraordinary, if we consider the very limited number of the whole body of electors in France, which is said not to exceed 100,000;—a number so small, that it might be supposed—from the experience of what happens in England where the right of suffrage extends so much more widely—the influence of power and patronage would have been brought to bear against it with overpowering success. Though the popular spirit of the electors may be partly explained from the infancy of their institutions, which corruption has scarcely yet had time to contaminate; yet perhaps the real secret of their conduct may be found in their mode of voting by *ballot*. It is true that where the voting is secret, bribery may continue to be carried on, to a certain extent, by the reliance, which will always be placed in the performance of promises; but the more pernicious influence of *intimidation* is effectually annihilated. It is this voting by ballot indeed, which is the only saving virtue in the French law of elections, and to which they ought to cling as the sheet anchor of their liberties; for without this, a system which vests the right of electing deputies for a nation of thirty millions in so small a body as 100,000 electors,

can afford no security for a real representation of the people.

The other objects of contention between the *Ultras* and the *Libéraux* are the laws of recruiting, public instruction, and the appointment of mayors.

The law of recruiting has been passed to continue the conscription; but it must be confessed that it is no longer the same terrible warrant of death and destruction which formerly bore that name. On the restoration of the king an attempt was made, but made in vain, to fill up the ranks of the army by voluntary enlistment. It was decided that France must have an army, and the present law was passed. This law subjects all the male population, who shall have attained their twentieth year, to the operation of the conscription. But it limits the period of their service to five years, when they have a right to their discharge; and it throws open to the lowest ranks the hope of advancement. The *equality* of this law, in the obligation to serve and the right to promotion, is very distasteful to the Ultras, who can think only of the glorious privileges which the Nobles enjoyed in the army of the ancient regime.

With respect to public instruction, the Ultras

wish to return to the old system of *Frères Chrétiens;* while the *Libéraux* patronise the *Enseignement mutuel,* or system of Bell and Lancaster.

The crown at present appoints the Mayors. The Libéraux would wish to introduce the *système municipal,* by which the people would elect their own Mayors.

There is a very general cry also against the extravagant emoluments of the *Préfets,* who are the creation of the Consular government. This officer is the head of his *department,* and is in himself what the Lord Lieutenant and the Sheriff are in our counties. The *Préfets* were of great use to Buonaparte in oiling the wheels of despotism, and their salaries were in proportion to their utility. The Prefecture of Toulouse is said to be worth 40,000 francs per annum.

Went in the evening to the theatre. The play was *Turcaret,* an admired comedy of Le Sage;—but it is a comedy of the old school, and the bags and swords of the ancient *bon-ton* will not make the modern *canaille* of the theatre look like gentlemen. I am surprised to see the waiting maids in the French comedy as well or perhaps better dressed than their mistresses. "This is o'er doing termagant."

2d. Went over *L'école royale de Toulouse*. The establishment consists of, the *Proviseur*, who is the *Chef de la Maison;* the *Censeur*, who is second in authority; eleven professors of Latin; three of mathematics; one of Latin and French literature; one of natural history; one of natural and experimental philosophy; one of history; and seven *Maîtres d'étude* or assistant masters. *L'Aumônier*, with a long train of assistants, tradesmen, and servants, from the surgeon to the shoeblack—complete the establishment.

The whole number of *élèves* is 400. Those within the walls amount to 160. The terms of the school are 650 francs per annum—about 27*l.* For this the boy is lodged and fed in sickness and in health, clothed and instructed in all that the above-named professors can teach him. The dress is a uniform of dark blue. Each boy has a small bed-cell to himself by night; and a desk in the school-room by day. Their breakfast is bread and water; dinner—bread, soup, meat, and wine, —supper—bread, cold meat and wine;—bread always *à discrétion*.

Nine hours per day are devoted to application. There are two months of vacation—September and October. With the exception of this va-

cation, the boys are kept under lock and key during the whole year within the walls of the college, beyond which they cannot stir without express permission. Their play-ground is within the walls, and to break these bounds without leave would be punished by expulsion. The internal discipline is conducted without having recourse to that brutal and degrading punishment, which, to the common disgrace of those that inflict and those who receive it, is still practised upon lads of all ages in the public schools of England. There is a sense of self-respect in every rational being, that revolts at the insult of being subjected to blows; and this sense is recognised and encouraged in the French schools, where no sort of corporal punishment is allowed; nor do I believe it is ever necessary—except perhaps in early childhood, before the rational faculty has begun to develope itself. But blows present so easy a mode of carrying on the business of school government, that it is not wonderful schoolmasters should be desirous to retain their birchen sceptre, in defiance of decency and common sense. But it is surprising, when the systems of Pestalozzi and others have been explained to all Europe, that the public opinion of England should not have operated

some change in this, as well as in some other particulars of school government.

The common means in the hands of the Professors of Toulouse for maintaining order are impositions of tasks; *pain-sec*, i. e. bread and water; and *pénitence*, which is confinement to the school-room under the *surveillance* of a *Maître d'Etude*. Solitary imprisonment, the heaviest of their punishments, cannot be inflicted without the sanction of the *Proviseur*, or the *Censeur*. Some disorders have lately broken out in many of the French schools, but these seem to have arisen from temporary causes. Party-spirit, which has so convulsed the political world, has not been entirely shut out of schools; where Bourbon and Buonaparte have been words of discord, and the question *Qui vive?* has given rise to many a juvenile battle. Dame Religion too, who is seldom idle when discord is abroad, has not been without her share in these disturbances, some of which have originated in the jealousies between Catholic and Protestant.

3d. Toulouse is the land of cheap living, and all sorts of provisions are excellent in their kind. Bread is at two-pence a pound;—wine, that is, the *vin du pays*, of very good quality, four-pence

a bottle:—meat from two-pence to three-pence. The poultry is very fine; you may buy a good turkey for 3*s.* 6*d.*.;—a capon for 1*s.* 9*d.*;—a fowl for a shilling;—and a goose for 2*s.* 6*d.* Servants' wages are also very low;—I hire the attendance of a female servant to officiate as bed-maker, at half-a-crown per month.

They have a custom here of fostering a liver complaint in their geese, which encourages its growth to the enormous weight of some pounds; and this diseased *viscus* is considered a great delicacy. You get an excellent dinner at the table d'hôte of either of the hotels, of two courses, dessert and wine *à discrétion*, for 2*s.* 6*d.* I have established myself *en pension* with a family next door; where I have my breakfast, dinner, wine, café, and *liqueur*, for 80 francs a month.

In comparing French and English cookery, I think the balance is greatly in favour of the former. We may beat them in a few dishes, but they excel us in fifty. We have the advantage in soup—though they are fond of saying that our soups are nothing but hot water and pepper; and we beat them in fish, because most fish cannot be dressed too simply. But they have an infinity of good things; and if happiness consisted in good eating,

I should recommend a man to live in France. It is quite a mistake to suppose that roast beef is confined to Old England, though the French do not present it in such enormous masses as we do. Nor indeed is there any great treat in sitting down to a huge limb hacked off its parent carcass, with an intimation that "You see your dinner;"—always excepting however a haunch of venison, or a round of corned beef, which are two of those *morceaux* peculiar to England that constitute a dinner in themselves.

When you laugh at a Frenchman for eating frogs, he retaliates upon you for breakfasting upon warm water and sugar. Nothing can be more incorrect than to suppose that the French live upon *soup maigre*;—the lower orders indeed, I believe, are very temperate, and seldom taste meat; but, amongst the higher classes, one might almost parody one of our national maxims, and say—that one Frenchman would out-eat three Englishmen.

Their déjeûner *à la fourchette*, when well served up, is, as they term it, *superbe, magnifique;* and wants only the addition of tea to rival the excellence of a Scotch breakfast.

In comparing the cookery of the two nations, it is the *general* excellence of the French, that is so

much beyond our own. The *best* cooks in the various countries in Europe are nearly the same, for they are formed more or less after the French model; but in France *all* are good.

Man has been defined to be—a cooking, superstitious, self-killing animal. I know not whether the outward signs of these inward propensities have yet been discovered, in cranial protuberances peculiar to the human head; but when they are, the organ of superstition will probably be found to predominate in the Spanish, as that of suicide may perhaps prevail in the English, whilst, if there be any truth in craniology, the organ of cookery must be the leading feature of the French skull.

So much for cookery. With respect to cleanliness;—the balance here will incline very much in favour of England; though in many particulars the observances of the French evince a greater niceness of feeling than our own. A napkin is as indispensable to a Frenchman at dinner as a knife or a fork. In the lowest inn you will always find this luxury, and, though it may be coarse, it is always clean; nor is it confined to the parlour—all ranks must have their napkin, and all classes are equally nice in the use of a separate drinking glass. The silver fork too is almost universal, but

their knives are villanous; and the use, which even the ladies make of their sharp points in performing the office of a toothpick, is worse.

The ablutions of the bath are perhaps more generally practised in France than in England; though you seldom see a Frenchman with his face cleanly shaved, or his hands well washed. With regard to the ladies of the two nations—their pretensions to superiority in this respect were submitted to an emigré bishop, as an experienced judge of both countries, who answered—"*Les Anglaises sont plus propres aux yeux des hommes —et les Françaises aux yeux de Dieu!*"

But though in some few instances the French seem to shew a more delicate sense of *personal* comfort than ourselves, yet in the general estimate they will be found far behind us. Their houses would shock our neat and tidy house-wives; and their attached and detached offices are too filthy for description. In their persons too—though the bath may be used, the tooth and nail brush seem to be forgotten; and they are always either smart or slovenly, as you see them in their evening dress, or in their morning dishabille.

Lastly; some of their habits must be condemned as shockingly offensive;—what shall we say of

the spitting about the floor, which is the common practice of women as well as men, at all times and seasons, not only in domestic life, but also upon the stage, in the characters of heroes and heroines, even in high imperial tragedy?—to say nothing of the manœuvres of a French pocket-handkerchief—called expressively by Young—"a flag of abomination"—which would disgust the feelings of any Englishman, without supposing him a fastidious *élève* of Lord Chesterfield.

In conversation too, though there is much of what may be called *moral* delicacy, which is shewn in little attentions to oblige, and a nice tact in avoiding whatever can give offence; yet there seems a total want of *physical* delicacy on the part of the French.

This will perhaps explain what has been much remarked upon by travellers;—that the French rarely smile at the blunders of foreigners. An Englishman feels his muscles irresistibly moved when a foreigner unwittingly touches in conversation upon *forbidden* ground;—but here, where there is scarcely any forbidden ground, similar mistakes cannot of course have the same effect.

Feast of Sainte Barbe;—military fête. The regiments of artillery had a feast, and the soldiers

in the evening cried *Vive l'Empereur*, in the great square. They were drunk, to be sure;—but *in vino veritas*. The name of Napoleon is made to stand for any thing. In the mouths of the army it is only another word for military government and a military chief, without much individual attachment to him; and in politics, if the cry of *Vive Buonaparte* have any influence, it can only be because it is considered as the badge of the Revolution, and the changes which the Revolution has effected; in opposition to the powers and privileges of the *ancien régime*.

5th. The more I see of France and Frenchmen, the more I am struck with the serious and sombre complexion of their manners, so different from the pictures of other times. Nothing can be more dull than their theatre; that is, than the theatre of Toulouse. There seems to be no sympathy of feeling, no connecting link, between the audience and the actors. The laughter of the scene produces no correspondent emotion in the house. There is no applause, and scarcely any attention;—the spectators sit by in sullen silence. But it must be owned that the actors are not the best in the world.

The young students of the University, with little

respect to the well-behaved part of the audience, throw *bouquets* of flowers on the stage to their favourite actresses.

6th. The dulness of the theatre has been explained to me. The audience is constantly made up of the same persons, and they are of course too familiar with the pieces and the actors to take much interest either in the one or the other.

In the provincial towns of France every body subscribes to the theatre. The *spectacle* is absolutely necessary to fill up the evening of a Frenchman; for neither conviviality nor social domestic parties are the fashion of the country. The theatre therefore is open every night, without excepting Sunday; on which day, indeed, it is most crowded. Economy is the object of many of those who attend; for it is cheaper to subscribe, and pass the evening from dinner till bed-time at the play, than to burn fire and candle at home.

The subscription to the military who are quartered here is one day's pay per month;—this was a regulation introduied by Napoleon. The students are admitted for eleven francs, and all other persons for fifteen francs per month. For this you have a free admission to all parts of the house.

The actors seem to be tolerably well paid, for

a provincial theatre. There are none who have less than 1,200 francs per annum, and the leading actors have as much as 8,000 francs. But then the *premiers roles* in France are saddled with the expense of finding their own dresses.

23d. Attended the assizes. A prisoner was brought up for horse-stealing. The president of the court, and three other judges were present, dressed in robes of scarlet; but without any flowing horsehair on their heads. The *Procureur Général*, or public accuser on the part of the crown, in the same costume, sat at the same table with the judges so close to the jury, that he was continually communicating with them in an under tone, and even during the defence, he from time to time suggested something aside to them, as it seemed, to do away the impression of what was urged in the prisoner's favour. The jury consisted of the principal inhabitants of Toulouse, and of the professors of the university. The whole court seemed to consider themselves as *pitted* against the poor devil at the bar. The president acted throughout as counsel against him; and even his manner, in the frequent cross-examination to which he made the prisoner submit, was what in England would be called unfeeling and indecent. Though the

charge involved so serious a punishment, the judges and Monsieur le Procureur seemed to think it a very facetious circumstance, and laughed heartily—when the culprit aided his own conviction by some ill-considered answer.

Even the jury and the spectators seemed to be without any feelings of sympathy for the accused, and the address of his counsel was not listened to with a decent attention by any body;—though it ought to be added in their excuse, that the address was a villanously stupid one. Still it was impossible not to be shocked at the apparent want of fair play in the whole procedure.

The spirit of *equality*, which pervades every thing in France since the revolution, seems to have found its way into the courts of justice in some of their observances; and in these instances at least, we cannot condemn its influence. The prisoner and the witnesses are accommodated with seats, not as matter of favour, but as matter of right; and the witnesses give their evidence sitting. This is surely nothing more than just; it is a sufficient evil that a man, without any fault of his own, should be liable to the inconvenience of attending as a witness, without being subjected to the additional punishment of standing up in a

witness-box, during an examination of as many hours as it may please the counsel to inflict upon him.

The witness is not sworn upon the Bible; but he holds up his hand, and to the charge of the president—Vous jurez, sans haine, et sans crainte, de dire la vérité, toute la vérité, et rien que la vérité—he answers—Je le jure.

No evidence was taken down; and the summing up of the judge was only a recapitulation of the proofs *against* the prisoner.

The jury retire to deliberate, and bring in their verdict in writing.

The prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

29th. Assizes again.—A very interesting trial of a man for shooting at another, with an intent to kill him. Before the commencement of a trial the names of the witnesses are called over; and they are then sent out of court, that one may not hear the evidence of the other. The *President* opened the case to the jury. The proof was defective; at least, it was a very nice case as to the identity of the man;—and yet one of the questions of the *Procureur Général* to the prisoner, in a cross-examination in aid of the

proof against him, was—Are you possessed of a gun?!!! No evidence was taken down. When the evidence closed, the Procureur General spoke in support of the prosecution; the prisoner's counsel then spoke in his defence, and lastly the President summed up, remarking, in this instance, upon what had been advanced on both sides; but still it was the speech of an advocate against the prisoner, in which character the French judge seems to consider himself. In the course of this trial, the President examined the witnesses *for the prosecution*, as to the character of the prisoner, in this sort of way:—

"Do you know any thing of the prisoner's character?"

"Have you ever heard any thing against him?"

"Do you think it likely from what you know of him, that he would commit the crime with which he is charged?"

In another trial, the judge, in his opening of the case, in order to influence the jury against the prisoner, commenced his speech by telling them—that the same culprit had very lately appeared at the bar, and had been acquitted by the jury on the score of his youth, as he was only one day

beyond the age which made him liable to legal penalty; and that, in addition to this lenity, the jury had made a subscription for him in order that he might have something with which to begin the world again. This was the opening statement of the judge, unsupported by a tittle of evidence.

So much for the criminal jurisprudence of the French; of the very first principles of which they seem to be utterly ignorant.

The golden maxim of the English law, which presumes that every man is innocent till it has been proved that he is guilty, and which shields the accused from the obligation of replying to any question lest he should criminate himself, has no influence in their criminal procedure. The prisoner, though not absolutely stretched upon the rack, is subjected to the terrible *screw* of cross-examination; and a most powerful engine it is for extracting the truth. But it may sometimes confound the innocent, as well as convict the guilty. If indeed a prisoner be really innocent, and if he have coolness and good sense enough to adhere strictly to the truth, he may have nothing to fear from the legal inquisition of the French—which is certainly well adapted for unravelling the intricacies of a complicated case. But as it is surely

better that many guilty should escape rather than one innocent man should suffer, the spirit of the English sytem is infinitely preferable, in spite of the facilities it affords to the clever rascal of escaping from justice.

CHAPTER XV.

New Year's Day—Party Spirit—Mass for Louis XVI.—Missionaries—Law of Elections—Profession of a Novice—Racine—French Drama—Departure from Toulouse.

January 1st, 1819. THE weather for the last ten days has been bitterly cold; the thermometer has been below the freezing point, with snow, and sleet, and fog. This is a day of great bustle in France. All the equipages in Toulouse are rattling about, leaving cards of congratulation; for it would be a breach of politeness amongst acquaintance not to exchange visits on this day.—New year's gifts seem more in vogue in France than in England.

16th. The agitation of the public mind, produced by the late reports of changes in the ministry, seems at last to be tranquillized by the appointment of M. de Cazes and his friends. The heat and irritation produced here by the rumour of the appointment of an ultra-royalist ministry, which was believed for four-and-twenty-hours, was excessive. The ultra-royalist party awaited the arrival of the next courier with the most intense

anxiety; and if it had brought a confirmation of their hopes, there is no saying what outrages and excesses might not have been committed. The ultra-royalist party in the south of France is characterized by the spirit which massacred the protestants at Nismes; the green cockade is its ensign, and this party is more royalist than the king himself; who is regarded by them as an apostate from the old principles of the ancient régime. These then say, as the friends of our second Charles said, that Louis has interpreted the *oubli* and *pardon* of his brother's dying injunctions, into an act of amnesty to his enemies, and an act of oblivion of his friends. On the other hand, the anxiety of those who have benefited by the Revolution—that is, the great mass of the people—was equally evident; for they are taught to regard the appointment of an ultra-royalist ministry, as synonymous with a re-establishment of the tithes of the clergy, and the feudal rights of the seigneur, and a resumption of all the property which has been purchased under edicts of confiscation.

This last is the tenderest point of all; and it is certainly a hard case, that a man who was obliged either to fly his country or lose his head, should upon his return find his estate in the possession of

one of his own servants, who perhaps purchased it for almost nothing during the troubles of the Revolution. But this, it is to be feared, is one of those instances of injustice, which, by being committed and defended by numbers, is placed beyond the reach of punishment; for it is impossible to "indict a whole nation." The sentence of *Fiat justitia* would be accompanied with a popular convulsion, equivalent to the *ruat cœlum* of the original maxim; which, however true in morals, will not always hold good in politics, of which expediency is the basis; and in which, I believe, we must be contented with what is practicable when we cannot obtain what is desirable.

18th. *Le Préfet*'s ball. The Prefect, who is considered, like our Lord Lieutenant, as the representative of the sovereign in the department over which he presides, keeps up a certain state, and amongst other entertainments gives a ball every Monday. The ball was but a shabby business;—three fiddlers, and no supper. Cotillions and quadrilles are so soon over, and the ladies are pledged so many deep, that every French beau is armed with his pencil and tablets to record his engagements, which he claims by presenting his partner with a bouquet of flowers. There is a

very striking contrast between the fashion of the English and French ladies' dress, in disposing the drapery of the neck; and the advantage is for once so much on the side of the latter, in decorum and propriety, that I am surprised our country-women are not ashamed into an imitation of it.

21st. Solemn service at the cathedral for the repose of the soul of Louis XVI.—The Prefect and the municipality, and the whole body of the professors of the university, attended this mourning ceremonial in grand costume. The church was hung with black, and the funeral anthem was beautiful.

The king's will was read from the pulpit; but, as far as it is possible to judge of the tone and sentiment of a public assembly, it did not appear to me that the impression produced upon the multitude was such as the authors of the ceremony must have contemplated. It might have been different at the *first* celebration of the anniversary of his murder; and perhaps it would have been better to have limited the mourning to one single occasion; for such feelings must in their nature be transient, and in time pass away altogether. What, for instance, can be more ridiculous than the pretended mournful observance of the 30th of January in

England? By the way, it is rather a singular coincidence that January was the month fatal alike to Louis and Charles, as May was the common month of the restoration of their successors;—it will be for the Comte d'Artois to take care that the parallel between the families does not continue further.

22d. In the evening to the theatre. The play was *Edouard en Ecosse;* founded on the adventures of the Pretender in England, the work of M. Duval, who is fond of dramatising English story. The part of Charles Edward was admirably played by Beauchamp. His face and appearance, when he first comes in, pale and worn out with fatigue, presented a striking resemblance of Napoleon. The political allusions with which the play abounds, were eagerly seized throughout, and applied to the Ex-Emperor.—"*Je n'ai fait que des ingrats*" was long and loudly applauded. In the last act of the play the air of "God save the King" was incidentally introduced; which afforded the audience an opportunity of manifesting their feeling towards England, which they did not neglect—and an universal hiss broke out. A pantomime followed, but a very faint imitation of the inimitable entertainment which is called by that name in

England. The first dancer is called Harlequin, without his wand or his tricks; the first female dancer is Columbine; and the unfortunate Pantaloon, in addition to his own part, is Clown also; so that besides the kicks on the breeches which he receives in quality of the first character, he has also to endure the slaps of the face which fall to the lot of the second. His mock dance was excellent; and his animated sack, for he jumps into a sack and displays wonderful locomotive powers therein, was worthy of Grimaldi himself.

February 1st. It is a subject of great complaint, that the time of the carnival should have been selected by the missionaries, who have lately made their appearance at Toulouse, for the period of their visit; as their arrival and preaching have cast a gloom over the usual festivities of this season of the year. There is a sort of mystery in the institution and appointment of these peripatetic preachers, who traverse France from one end to the other, as if there were no local clergy to provide for the religious instruction of their flocks. They preach twice a day, at the principal churches in the town; and in order that this may not interfere with the labouring pursuits of the lower classes, the morning hour is as early as five, and the even-

ing as late as six o'clock. There seems to be a great craving after religion at present, as if there were a re-action after the long reign of infidelity during the Revolution. The churches are filled long before the service begins, and the receipts at the rate of three sous a chair will amount to a considerable sum, if the zeal of the congregations should continue.

The missionaries are represented in the most opposite colours, by the two parties of the state; if you listen to the royalists, they work nothing but good, and only excite the jealousy of the opposite party, because it is feared, that they will restore the tone of the public mind, and bring back the people to "fear God and honour the king;" while the liberal party represent them as the preachers of fanaticism, and the promoters of domestic dissension. For myself I must say, that I have attended the missionary who preaches at the cathedral, and have heard the best and purest precepts of Christianity, enforced by very extraordinary eloquence; but a friend has told me that he heard at one of the minor churches, a sermon on the doctrine of transubstantiation, in which the missionary preacher related the following story in confirmation of his doctrine. "There was a wo-

man," said he, "who being in want of a decent attire to go to communion, went to a Jew to hire a dress; and the Jew would only consent to let it, upon condition that she would bring him back a piece of the consecrated wafer. After much difficulty, his terms were granted. The Jew, as soon as he had got possession of the wafer, trampled it under his feet; when, to his great surprise, he perceived drops of blood to issue from it. Astonished at this, he put it into a saucepan, and boiled it upon the fire;—when the surface of the water became covered with fat. This second miracle so wrought upon him, that he was convinced and converted, and forthwith became a Christian." If such is the mode of expounding the mysteries of Christianity, in the nineteenth century, it is no wonder that the enlightened part of the nation condemn missions, and refuse to listen to missionaries.

5th. In the evening to the theatre. M. Huet from the Opera Comique of Paris drew a full house. He played *Adolphe*, and *Jean de Paris*, in the originals, from which *Matrimony* and *John of Paris* have been translated; but I thought him very tame and insipid after the delightfully spirited performance of Elliston in the same parts;—who

is so happy in the combination of heart and feeling, with vivacity and whim; and inimitable in the management of dry humour and playful raillery.

10th. The French seem to carry politics farther even than ourselves. Who ever heard in England of inquiring the politics of an actor? Yet here, the arrival of M. Huet, who it seems is recognized as a staunch royalist, has been sufficient to throw the town of Nismes into a state of agitation. The royalist party made a point of attending the theatre to support their champion; in the same party spirit which had been shown by the opposite faction, upon a late visit of Talma; whose intimate friendship with the Ex-Emperor is well known. A spark is sufficient to kindle the flame of civil war between parties composed of such inflammable materials, and nothing but the prudence of the police prevented an explosion.

March 16th. The *coup d'état* of creating fifty new peers has at last quieted the apprehension and anxiety, which had been occasioned by the success of the Marquis Barthelemy's motion in the Chamber of Peers. The object of the motion was to consider the propriety of altering the law of elections; and it was carried by a majority of

thirty-four voices against the ministry. This new creation of peers, which amounts almost to a revolution in the government, ought to convince all parties of the king's sincerity and good faith; and of his determination to oppose by any means the over-heated zeal of his own adherents. The friends of M. Barthelemy affect to consider the public alarm as unfounded and unreasonable, since his motion was confined to a mere consideration of the propriety of making an alteration in the law. But it is surely not surprising that a people just entering upon the enjoyment of political privileges, should be tremblingly alive to any attempt to tamper with a law which they are taught to consider as the great security of their rights. How for example would the king feel, if a member of the Chamber of Deputies were to succeed in a motion for considering the propriety of making some alteration in the settlement of the crown? There are certain fundamental points in all constitutions, which ought not, and cannot be made the subjects of debate, without disturbing the stability of the whole edifice.

It is only necessary to consider what the French have gained by the Revolution, to sympathize with the alarm excited by any measure that seems

to indicate a disposition to return to the principles of the ancient government.

Liberty and equality was a cry peculiarly calculated to produce an effect in France; and however it might have been afterwards abused, its original import meant a liberation from the intolerable grievances of feudal oppression, and an abolition of the injurious privileges of the nobles; —who not only possessed an exclusive claim to all the honours and emoluments of the army and the church, but were also exempt from taxation; and, even in the article justice, were placed above the level of their inferiors; for, there was one tribunal and one measure of justice for the high, and another for the low.

The direct power of the monarch was the least evil of which the French had to complain, and the rule of a single despot, in the person of Napoleon, must have seemed light to those, who remembered all the grievances of the *ancien régime;*—namely, the partial and oppressive imposts of the *taille* and the *corvée;* and the *capitaineries,* by which a sort of *free-warren* was conferred over the lands of others, taking away the rights of the proprietors themselves, and vesting the game of a whole district—with the power of *preserving* deer and

wild boars—in any single Nimrod whom the king might appoint.

Last, and worst of all, were the feudal claims, and oppressive expedients—for an account of which see Arthur Young—by which the Seigneur might extort money from his vassals. But these and all the other sufferings of the people seem to be forgotten by all but themselves; and nothing is now remembered of the French Revolution, but the crimes and excesses by which the cause of liberty was disgraced.

This Revolution teaches indeed an awful lesson. But while we learn from it the dangers of popular excess, and the impossibility of effecting a beneficial reform, by the agency of the mob; we shall derive but little profit from it, if it do not also teach us the necessity of accommodating the institutions of government to the progress of information, so that they may be always kept in unison with public opinion.

If such had been the conduct of the French government, we should never have heard of the French Revolution. The rulers who refuse to make those alterations which the progress of the age demands, seem to act as imprudently as the debtor who neglects to pay the interest of his debt.

It is true he may delay paying any thing for a certain time, but in the mean time the arrears go on accumulating at compound interest, and when the day of reckoning does come, as come it must sooner or later, it comes with a vengeance, and brings ruin along with it. Those who have the direction of the machine of government would do well to watch the signs of the times, and by a regular payment of the claims of society, maintain a constant good understanding between debtor and creditor;—for this is the sort of relation in which the government and the people seem to stand towards each other.

25th. The Annunciation. Attended the ceremony of professing a novice, in the chapel of the Benedictine Convent. The victim was a young and pretty girl, who had been on the point of marriage, for which the preparations had been made, and the day fixed. The destined bride however suddenly changed her mind, without any assignable reason; and, in spite of the entreaties of her friends, resolved to renounce the world; and, according to the French phrase, *épouser le bon Dieu.* She was arrayed in a superb dress of satin, with a profusion of lace, and wore a wreath of flowers upon her head.

The service was long and tedious. After receiving the communion, and hearing a sermon particularly addressed to her, which was dull and unfeeling beyond belief, the ceremony began. She was asked in the face of the congregation, whether it was from her own sincere and unbiassed inclination that she sought the seclusion of a convent; and having answered in the affirmative, the *cierge* and *crucifix* were delivered to her. She was then led out of the chapel by her two bridemaids, and re-appeared within the grate of the convent. Here her hair was cut off; and quitting her worldly dress and worldly ornaments, she was invested with the coarse uniform of the order to which she was to belong. The novice then gave the kiss of peace all round to the sisters of the convent, and the ceremony concluded. At the expiration of a year, she repeats her vows, and takes the black veil; it is then that the convent becomes her tomb; and being considered as dead to the world, she is wrapped in a black shroud, and the funeral service is performed over her. The father of the novice attended the ceremony, and seemed to be overwhelmed with affliction. It was a melancholy scene; but less affecting than it would have been, if the profession of vows were

now, as in former times, an irrevocable sentence of perpetual seclusion. This is no longer the case; for as the law at present stands, no vows are binding for more than a year; so that if a nun, availing herself of the privilege of her sex, should think fit to change her mind, she may have her cage-door opened, and return to the world.

27th. There was an intention of concluding the mission to Toulouse by a grand ceremony and procession; in which the missionaries were to walk barefoot, and plant a cross in one of the squares of the town; but it has been prevented by the interference of the police, and postponed *sine die*. It is difficult to form a judgment of the general effects of these missions from the opposite representations of their friends and enemies. The only *fact*, that has come under my own knowledge, speaks in their favour. As we were sitting at dinner one day, the host of my *pension* was called out to speak to a young woman, who desired particularly to see him alone. Upon his return, he recounted his interview to us. It seems that the woman had formerly lived in his service, and the object of her visit was to confess to him sundry petty acts of theft, and to make him restitution of their amount. This, she said, she was led to do

from the representations of one of the missionaries, to whom she had confessed, and who had convinced her that repentance and absolution were of no avail, unless founded upon sincere resolutions of amendment; and that the best pledge of future good conduct would be the atonement and reparation of past sins, as far as it could be done. My kind-hearted host forgave his contrite domestic, and she had all the merit of good intention, without making any pecuniary sacrifice.

30th. Finished a course of Racine. The delineation of female characters seems to be his forte. Phèdre, Hermione, Agrippine, and Clytemnestre, are, I think, master-pieces in their way. All the faults of Racine must be attributed to the taste of his age and nation; and, considering the tight stays in which the tragic muse is confined upon the French stage, Racine has done wonders. His heroes, to be sure, whether taken from Greek or Roman story, are all Frenchmen. This is the common fault of all the French tragic writers; and it is exquisitely ridiculed by Grimm. "Le célèbre Hogarth, connu par le génie et l'esprit de ses compositions, a écrit un ouvrage sur le beau, rempli d'idées extraordinaires. On y voit entre autres une estampe où un maître de danse Fran-

çais est vis-à-vis la belle statue d'Antinoüs; il s'occupe à lui relever la tête, à lui effacer les épaules, à lui placer les bras et les jambes, à la transformer, en un mot, en petit maître élégant et agréable: cette satire est aussi fine qu'originale. Je doute cependant que notre célèbre Marcel eût touché à la contenance d'Antinoüs; mais mettez à la place d'Antinoüs la statue de Melpomène l'Athénienne, et nommez les maîtres de danse Corneille et Racine, et le symbole ne s'écartera pas trop de la vérité."

His heroines are less national, the reason of which perhaps may be, that there is less *national* distinction amongst women, who have, as Pope has said, "no characters at all;" a remark, which, though Pope meant it as a satire, needs not I think offend the sex; on the contrary, it is perhaps the highest merit in a woman, that she is without those strongly marked peculiarities which constitute what is called character in man;—for in her, to be prominent is to be offensive; and her most engaging qualities are of that unobtrusive kind, which belong rather to the sex than to the individual.

Racine's women are the women of high life. We must not look for the charming effusions of

natural feeling which Shakspeare has given, in Juliet, Imogen, Cordelia, and the divine Desdemona. Such characters as these the French poet had not the head to conceive; nor, if he had, would a French audience have the heart to feel their beauty; but Racine has given most powerful and affecting delineations of the frailties and passions of the factitious beings amongst whom his scene is laid. It is to the distresses of such beings that the sympathy of a French audience seems confined. It would appear as if there were only a *royal road* to their hearts, for the idea of a *tragédie bourgeoise* is to them ridiculous; and not satisfied with confining tragedy to the great, they have also prescribed such rigorous rules of *bienséance*, that all the mighty play of the passions, which form the elements of tragedy, is limited in their expression by the arbitrary laws of poetic diction, and the strict modes of politeness, as they happened to exist in the time of Louis XIV.

Grimm in his Correspondence has pointed out with great discrimination the defects of French tragedy; but a few sentences of Rousseau comprehend the substance of all that can be said on the subject.

"Communément tout se passe en beaux dialogues, bien agencés, bien ronflans, où l'on voit d'abord que le premier soin de chaque interlocuteur, est toujours celui de briller. Presque tout s'énonce en maximes générales. Quelque agités qu'ils puissent être, ils songent toujours plus au public qu'à eux-mêmes.

"Il y a encore une certaine dignité maniérée dans le geste et dans le propos, qui ne permet jamais à la passion de parler exactement son langage, ni à l'auteur de revêtir son personnage, et de se transporter au lieu de la scène."

We English contend that Shakspeare is the reverse of all this; that his plays, instead of being poetical *descriptions*, are genuine *expressions* of the passions; that his characters do not talk like poets, but like men; that he has the faculty which Rousseau says the French poets want; and that he does, to use Schlegel's illustration, after the manner of a ventriloquist, transport his imagination out of himself, and successively animate every personage of his scene; that his characters speak in the very language in which their living prototypes might be supposed to have spoken; so that in fact it appears as if he had stood by an eye-

witness of the scenes he describes, and had taken down in writing what actually passed between the parties; that instead of the cold generalities which are bandied about by the "intellectual gladiators" of the French stage, there is an individuality in Shakspeare's characters which gives to his scenes almost the effect of reality, and makes us regard the actors in them rather as real personages than as the mere fictions of his imagination.

It is thus that we praise Shakspeare,—and for the most part justly; though perhaps we may over do it a little. If the French have too much bienseance, Shakspeare had too little; and it may be doubted whether Johnson was not right when he boldly said, that no one of his plays, if now produced as the work of a living author, would be heard to a conclusion; but, his faults are as "dew drops on the lion's mane," and may be easily shaken off.

Again;—when we challenge for him so peremptorily and exclusively the claim of the poet of nature;—is he always natural? Does he never make his characters speak rather like poets, than like men?

The language of highly-excited passion will

often rise into poetry; and I will not question the propriety of the figurative imagery in which he delights to clothe the effusions of grief and despair. But, to give one instance out of many, let us turn to the dagger scene of Macbeth. The air-drawn dagger is a grand conception, and the execution is a mighty proof of the genius of Shakspeare. The scene is awfully sublime,—yet, verging as it does on the border of extravagance, in any other hands it would probably have been ridiculous; but, what shall we say to the description of night, which follows? As a *Poet*'s description of night, admirably adapted to the circumstances of the scene, it is excellent, and in a descriptive poem it would be strictly in place; but, what is the condition of Macbeth's mind?

Is it *natural* that his imagination should be at leisure to furnish the terrible accompaniments of a murderer's night, which are there enumerated with a somewhat laboured detail? To show how a Frenchman's mind is impressed by Shakspeare, let me record the sentiments of my friend Mons. B. C., to whom I gave this scene to read aloud, as a sample of Shakspeare's best manner. He read the dagger speech with great admiration,

and though a little shocked at the coarseness of Lady Macbeth's language while she is waiting for the re-appearance of her husband, he went on very well till he came to,

"I heard the Owl scream and the Cricket cry."—

The cricket was too much for his risible nerves; —here he threw down the book, and fairly laughed out. He considered the introduction of so ignoble an image, as a high misdemeanour against the gorgeous dignity of tragedy, to say nothing of the absurdity of allowing Lady Macbeth to have leisure to listen to it. What would he have said to "*not a mouse stirring?*" The whole scene that follows, which I have always thought at once so natural and so terrible, he considered as utterly out of nature, and childishly ridiculous.

Figurez-vous, said he, an ambitious chieftain, who has, under the impulse of that passion, conceived and perpetrated the murder of his sovereign; yet,—in the very moment of its accomplishment, instead of being engrossed with those aspiring thoughts and anticipations natural to his situation, he has no better employment than to entertain his wife with the conversation and cries

of the drunken domestics, who had been disturbed from their sleep by his proceedings.

> "One cried God bless us! and Amen! the other,"

was to his ears the very acmé of the ridiculous.

Such was the impression made upon an intelligent Frenchman, who understood English very well, by one of the finest scenes in Shakspeare. Racine would certainly have managed the whole business very differently. It would have been much less terrible, but much more polite and well-bred; and Monsieur and Madame Macbeth would have rhymed it away through some scores of fine verses. Racine however is full of beauties, and, though he sinks into insignificance when compared with Shakspeare, may perhaps challenge a comparison with any other English tragic writer, excepting Otway.

His knowledge of human nature too is considerable; though it is not the knowledge of Shakspeare, who was profoundly intimate with the heart of man in all its passions and affections, as it exists in all times and all countries, and who painted with the nicest discrimination all tempers and dispositions;—the gay and the joyous—the

generous and the gallant—the serious and the sorrowful—the moody and the mad—the drunken and the desperate. The knowledge of Racine is more like that which has been displayed by Pope, and seems to be confined to factitious nature; but this is beautifully and faithfully delineated. His distress is often very affecting; and when the heart is not affected, the mind may generally find amusement and instruction in the beauty of his verses and the force of his reasoning.

Though we generally begin by preferring Voltaire's tragedies, the beauties of which are more showy, Racine will in the end establish his superiority. Racine seems to have been fitted for the strict rules of the French drama, and he writes *con amore*. Voltaire, who understood English, had a taste for something better. Though he abuses Shakspeare, he was not above stealing from him very copiously; and then, as Steevens wittily remarked, like a midnight thief, he sets fire to the house he has robbed, in the hope of preventing the detection of his guilt.

There is something in Voltaire's tragedies which seems to show that his genius was embarrassed by the cramp and confinement of the French literary laws; of which indeed he himself complains:—

"Je regrettais cette heureuse liberté que vous avez d'écrire vos tragédies en vers non rimés;" though he maintains elsewhere that rhyme is absolutely necessary to the French verse, and gives, by way of example and proof, a very fine passage, which, by being stripped of these appendages, loses all its pretensions to poetry. If this be so, what more severe could be urged in the way of sarcasm against French poetry? for in fact it amounts to this,—that there is so little of the soul and spirit of poetry in their writers, that poetry would be converted into prose by Porson's receipt of removing the final syllable of each line.

Voltaire is the last man who ought to have depreciated Shakspeare; for if his *Zaire* be superior in animation and energy to his other tragedies, the superiority will be due to Shakspeare, from whose fire he has caught a few sparks. But his thefts are not always turned to so good account. He sometimes meddles with materials beyond his strength. The bow of Ulysses would have been of no use to a vulgar thief. The Ghost of Hamlet's Father, under Shakspeare's management, is awful and sublime; but his counterpart in Semiramis is almost ridiculous.

The question of the unities—so differently

treated in the theatres of the two nations—has been nearly set at rest by Johnson in his admirable preface to Shakspeare. None will deny the necessity of unity of action; and the unity of time cannot obviously admit of much latitude of interpretation, without violating probability, and destroying the closeness of imitation, upon which much of the merit of a dramatic piece depends. The French contend, that their rigid adherence to the unity of place rests upon the same ground of closeness of imitation;—but it is evident that this is founded upon a mistaken idea of illusion.

For the fact is, that the imitation is not at all closer by the preservation of this unity,—but the contrary. For instance, would not the imagination of the spectator be more easily reconciled to occasional shifting of the scene, in the tragedy of Cato, than to the monstrous absurdity of bringing all sorts of people, on all sorts of errands, to talk of love, and treason, in the same public hall? The only effect of this practice has been to change the drama—from a representation of an action—into a series of conversations. The difference, says Grimm, between the English and the French stage is, that, in England, "*On fait courir le spectateur*

après les évènemens; in France, *ce sont les évènemens qui courent après les spectateurs.*" In this, as in most other instances, the truth will lie somewhere between the two extremes. Change of scene may surely take place without any violation of the illusion, if there be no objection on the score of time;—and, with all due deference to Dr. Johnson, it is rather the *intervention of time,* than *the change of place,* that ought to separate one act from another;—and this, however small, should always make a pause in the drama.

If there could exist any real doubt of the *dramatic* superiority of the English muse, what strong proof might be adduced from the practice of the French actors themselves! Why is it that Talma perfers Hamlet and Manlius, to Orestes and Ninias, and other characters of the same kind, which are confessedly the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the French theatre; while Hamlet and Manlius are poor imitations of our own Hamlet and Pierre? Is it not that Talma has studied these characters in their native language, and contrived to impart to the cold copy some portion of the life and spirit of the divine originals? But more of French acting hereafter.

31st. *Bancal,* the woman concerned in the murder of Fualdes, was brought before the court of assize, to hear her pardon read. When this was over, she was exhibited as a spectacle to the gentlefolks of the town, French and English.

She conversed on the subject of the murder, and persisted in maintaining the guilt of Yence, and Bessière Veysac, who were lately rescued from the hands of justice by a host of perjuries.

Packing up;—this is a melancholy part of a traveller's life;—to arrive and hear no welcome—to depart and hear no farewell—or, if he remain stationary for a time, to be called away just as he is beginning to form new connexions.

Farewell visits;—to Dr. Thomas, from whose medical skill, and friendly attentions, my health has derived the greatest benefit;—and to Mr. Kemble, to whom I have been indebted for many pleasant evenings of social intercourse. It is delightful to see the father of the English stage enjoying the evening of life in the tranquillity of literary leisure; a man to whose public exertions we have all been indebted for the highest intellectual gratification; who, by the charm of his art, has become so identified in our imaginations

with the ideal characters of Shakspeare, that those who have seen him can scarcely think of Macbeth—King John—Wolsey—Hotspur—Brutus—or Coriolanus, without embodying them in the form and features of—John Philip Kemble.

CHAPTER XVI.

Voyage down the Garonne—Bourdeaux—Theatre—Talma—French Wines—Journey to Paris—Tours—Scenery of the Loire—State of Society in France—Law of Inheritance——Orleans—Versailles.

April 1st. VOYAGE down the Garonne to Bourdeaux.—The duration of this voyage depends entirely upon the state of the river. In flood time it may be done in two days; but the ordinary time required is four. There is little in the scenery of the banks to demand notice. In so long a course, it is impossible that there should not be a few picturesque spots, but there are very few. It is but a comfortless voyage; there is no regular passage-boat, and the only vessels are small flat-bottomed barges, without any deck, or other protection from the weather, than such a tent as you may be able to construct. Again—if the water be low, you are constantly liable to get a-ground; and it can never be a matter of certainty where you may halt for the night. Still, if the weather is fine, it is well enough. There is a sort of mill for grinding corn in use on the Garonne, which might

perhaps be introduced with advantage on our own rivers. It is a simple wooden structure, containing also the miller's house, built upon a solid flat-bottomed boat, which is moored on the stream by means of strong iron chains. The *streams* are very rapid, and the Garonne is subject to sudden and violent floods; nevertheless, these mills stand their ground; and there is scarcely a stream in the river without one between Toulouse and Bourdeaux.

There are some fine points of view; particularly at the embouchure of the Lot, where you command a prospect of the town and château of Aiguillon; and again at La Réole, where there is an ancient Benedictine convent, of late turned into the residence of the Prefect, which, with the surrounding scenery, forms a beautiful picture. But these points are of rare occurrence. It was not till the evening of the fifth day that we arrived within sight of Bourdeaux. The character of the scenery improves as you descend the river, and the approach to Bourdeaux is magnificent. I doubt whether it be not equal to Lisbon; the river, which is rather an arm of the sea, is nearly as broad again as the Thames at London. It takes a bend at this point, and the town and the quays

form a splendid crescent on the left bank, the whole circuit of which is taken in at one *coup d'œil*, while the opposite bank is rich with woods, and vineyards, and villas. The piers of a stone bridge are finished; and the superstructure will soon be completed, which will form a magnificent feature in the prospect. The execution of this project, the possibility of which was long contested, is a splendid proof of the genius and ability of the architect.

Such is the approach to Bourdeaux. The town itself will be by far the handsomest town in France, if the new buildings in the faubourg of Chartron are carried on upon the scale which is at present designed. The Chapeau-Rouge is already, as far as it goes, one of the finest streets in Europe. Here is the theatre, the façade of which is a model of architectural beauty; and the bottom of the street terminates in the exchange, the quay, the river, and the shipping. Vessels of any size can come up to Bourdeaux; a frigate and two brigs have been lately built for Ferdinand of Spain, and are now fitting out for the grand expedition to South America.

10th. Every thing at Bourdeaux is on a grand scale; the promenades are beautiful, and the public

buildings are numerous and splendid. The cathedral, as is the case with many of the handsomest Gothic buildings in France, was the work of the English, during the time they occupied this country as masters. The price of lodging and provisions is somewhat dearer here than at Toulouse. The ordinary price of a *pension* at Bourdeaux, including board and lodging, is eight francs per day.

17th. Attended the theatre—which is splendid. The boxes project like hanging balconies, in a manner that I have seen no where else, which brings out the company as it were in *alto relievo*, and gives a very pleasing effect. Talma played *Nero*, in the *Britannicus* of Racine. The part is not a very prominent one, but he made the most of it.

His style of acting is more like Kean's than any other of our actors; that is, he deals in electric shocks, which come flashing through the sublimity of the storm. His concluding words "*Narcisse! —suivez-moi!*" were given with tremendous effect. His voice is magnificent, though perhaps none of his cadences are superior to the quiet low tones of Kean, when he is in his saddest mood, as in parts of Othello and Hamlet. Upon the whole, I was much delighted. He is a great actor—in spite of

the French tragedy. He does all he can to bring it down to nature, and it is a proof of the charm of nature, to witness the effect which his delivery of the text produces, relieved as it is by occasional touches of nature and feeling, when compared with the tedious and tiresome uniformity of that declamatory recitative, which is the general practice of the French stage. But great taste and discretion are necessary in the introduction and management of this familiar tone, which certainly may be carried too far—for nothing is worse than the affectation of being natural. Hear Voltaire on this subject:—"On s'est piqué de réciter des vers comme de la prose; on n'a pas considéré qu'un langage au-dessus du langage ordinaire, doit être débité d'un ton au-dessus du ton familier."

18th. Saw Talma again, in *Oreste*, in the *Andromaque* of Racine. He has in an extraordinary manner the faculty of altering his appearance, and one could scarcely recognise him as the same person who had played Nero, till he spoke; but his voice is not to be mistaken—it is divine, and possesses every variety of expression;—his whisper is wonderfully impressive. There is something unhappy in the contour of his countenance. A thick double chin encumbers his physiognomy

and injures its expression, when the features are at rest; but when his face is agitated by the tempest and whirlwind of the passions, or when all expression is as it were annihilated, by the wild vacancy of despair, the effect is overwhelming. His action is overdone to an English taste; the constant shaking of the arms, and then slapping them violently against the thighs, has something ridiculously vehement in it to us; but those modes of expression are different in different countries, and it would be prejudice to assume our own as the standard of propriety. Still, till you are habituated to this gesticulation, it looks like tearing a passion to tatters, and has something of the effect of burlesque. His management of soliloquy is admirable. It is just what it ought to be—thinking aloud.

It is impossible to conceive any thing more awfully terrible, than his scene in the fifth act. Raving madness is generally disgusting on the stage; shocking the feelings by an exhibition of frightful bodily writhings, and nothing more,—"the contortions of the Sibyl without her inspiration." But there is a dreadful reality in Talma's fury; and the ghastly changes which affect his features seem to arise from the internal agonies of his soul. He made the blood run cold, and one

might have fancied it was indeed Orestes *furiis agitatus*, the victim of divine vengeance, that was on the scene.

Though Talma is very fond of contrast, and puts forth his whole strength in particular passages, which resemble Kean's bursts of passion; yet he is also more attentive to the general effect of the character than our own actors are. From the moment of his entrance he seems to forget that he is Talma. No look or motion ever escapes him that betrays a consciousness that he is *acting* to an audience. This complete identification with his part is the great charm of his style. Nothing destroys this identity more, than the appearance of any consciousness of the presence of an audience, on the part of an actor. Yet on our own stage the illusion is dispelled at his very first entrance, by the acknowledgments which custom compels him to make to the plaudits of the spectators; —a frightful solecism in our theatrical practice, which we should do well to reform, from the example of our neighbours.

24th. Voyage in the steam-boat to *Pavillac*, ten leagues down the river. The banks are tame and uninteresting. At the junction of the Dordogne and the Garonne, the confluence takes

place in such a manner that it is difficult to say which river it is that runs into the other; and their magnitude is nearly the same. Hence, it is said, arose a great controversy between the partisans of the Garonne and the Dordogne, which of the two should give its name to the united stream. This was at last decided by the adoption of *La Gironde*—the name of the territory common to both rivers.

House rent in the neighbourhood of Bourdeaux is low enough; a ready furnished house, containing every suitable accommodation for a small family, with five acres of vineyard yielding fruit enough to make a considerable quantity of wine, was offered me to-day for 500 francs per annum; and there was a peasant residing on the estate, who for half the produce would have undertaken the care and management of the whole.

It is more difficult to *buy* claret of the best quality at Bourdeaux than in London. The fact is, that all the produce of the vineyards is in the hands of a few merchants; and it would scarcely answer their purpose to sell the very best quality, unadulterated, at any price—necessary as it is to them to leaven their whole stock. For the increasing demand for the wines of Bourdeaux, oc-

casioned by the growing consumption of Russia and the East Indies, augments the proportion of inferior wine which is mixed up in the general mass. The common wine of the *Pays de Medoc*—whence by the way comes our cherry whose name we have corrupted into *May Duke*—is light, and pleasant, and may be bought for about tenpence a bottle; but it has little resemblance to our English claret, which derives its peculiar flavour from being seasoned with a mixture of a strong wine of Burgundy.

One of the best wines of the south of France is the wine of Cahors, which is rich and strong, and well calculated to please the English taste; but unfortunately the system of commerce which we have so long acted upon, has transferred the wine trade to Portugal, where we buy worse liquor at a higher price. "There are few Englishmen—said Hume eighty years ago—who would not think their country absolutely ruined, were French wines sold in England so cheap and in such abundance, as to supplant in some measure all ale and home-brewed liquors. But, would we lay aside prejudice, it would not be difficult to prove that nothing could be more innocent, perhaps advantageous." The misfortune is that now, when the true principles

of commerce are generally understood and acknowledged, it is difficult to introduce them into practice, on account of the long establishment of the old system of restraints and prohibitions; the effect of which has been well described by Hume—as serving no purpose but to check industry, and to rob ourselves and our neighbours of the common benefits of art and nature.

May 1st. Talma's Hamlet is a *chef d'œuvre;*—in his hands it is the most affecting picture of filial piety that can be imagined. His power of expressing grief is beyond every thing I ever witnessed on the stage, or in real life. As Hamlet, there is an appearance of concentrated sorrow impressed upon his features and figure, which never leaves him from beginning to end. He is—like the Niobe of whom his prototype speaks—"*all tears*"—to the utter exclusion of that "antic disposition" which the English Hamlet assumes, to the prejudice perhaps of our sympathy with his sorrows. The other alterations are chiefly these; Ducis makes Ophelie the daughter of Claudius, who is not brother to the murdered king, but only *premier prince du sang;* and this certainly heightens the *embarras* of the French Hamlet, who is as much in love with Ophelie as the English;—

Immoler Claudius,—punir cet inhumain,
C'est plonger à sa fille un poignard dans le sein;
C'est la tuer moi-même!

The madness and death of Ophelie are also avoided. The lovers however quarrel violently; the lady being determined to save her father, and Hamlet equally bent upon his destruction. Then for Gertrude—she does not marry Claudius;—the infidelity has preceded the murder of the king, and she is thenceforward all penitence and horror. The Hamlet of Ducis too is fonder of his mother than the Hamlet of Shakspeare; and the French hobgoblin is a much bloodier fellow than the English ghost:—he insists upon it that Hamlet shall not only *speak* daggers, but *use* them also; and his bloody commission extends to the punishment of both the guilty parties. It is in vain however that Hamlet attempts the assassination of his mother—his hand and heart fail him;—ultimately however she saves him the trouble, and the Spirit is appeased and satisfied. The stage effect of the invisible speechless spectre of Ducis—which is seen only in the expressive eye of Talma—is certainly superior to the "too solid flesh" of the "honest ghost" of Shakspeare. The moment the English ghost enters with his "martial stalk"—the illusion

is over. But perhaps the finest part of the French play is the scene where Hamlet relates to his friend Norceste his interview with his father's spirit;—this is the *ne plus ultra* of acting. Instead of Shakspeare's expedient of the play "to catch the conscience" of the guilty parties, Hamlet causes Norceste to announce to them, as news from England, a similar story of treason and murder, perpetrated there.

Ducis makes the conscience of Claudius immoveable; "*il n'est point troublé*," exclaims Norceste indoubt; "*Non!*" replies Hamlet, "*Non!—mais regarde ma mère!*" the effect of these words as delivered by Talma was truly astonishing. At the end of the play, the hostile approach of Claudius is announced to Hamlet, while he is engaged in a most affecting *éclaircissement* with his mother: he starts up, exclaiming—*Lui! ce monstre!—qu'il vienne!*—and then, after a pause, and a long start, à la Kean;—*Qu'il vienne! je l'attends!—ma vengeance est certaine!*

This burst—*qu'il vienne! je l'attends!* is perhaps the most electrifying thing on any stage;—and then the *voice* of Talma!—*non hominem sonat!* There is a supernatural impressiveness about it, that affects the soul in the most awful manner,

while it can melt in a moment into tones of the truest and most touching pathos. Talma stands alone upon the French stage, with no rival near the throne, at an immeasurable elevation above all competitors. It is a common, and I believe in general a just notion, that actors are stimulated by mutual excellence, and play better for being "acted up to"—as the phrase is. But though this may be true of the superior actor in relation to the inferior, I doubt whether it be ever true *vice versâ;* and it is easy to perceive that the powers of the inferior actors are paralyzed as they approach the "intolerable day" which Talma sheds around him, and "'gin to pale their ineffectual fire."

In a word, Talma's Hamlet is "the thing itself;" and may be classed with the Coriolanus of Kemble —the Queen Catherine of Siddons—the Othello of Kean; and though last not least—the Sir Pertinax Macsycophant of Cooke.

5th. Left Bourdeaux in a voiturier's carriage, in which we had not proceeded far before we discovered that one of the mules had almost the agility of Tickle-Toby's mare in curvetting with her heels, and that our driver was a Provençal brute, of the true Marseillois breed;—much more vicious and headstrong than the beast he drove.

There is little in the route from Bourdeaux to Tours, to make one wish to linger on the way; and I had often occasion to wish that I had adopted a more rapid conveyance. The public walk at Angouleme commands a fine prospect; and the view from Poitiers is superb, independently of the historical recollections which make it interesting to an Englishman. Every town of France seems to have its promenade. The public walk at Poitiers is delightful; and its situation on a lofty height affords facilities, which have not been neglected, in laying it out to the best advantage.

On the sixth day of our journey we made a halt at Ormes, in order to see the chateau of M. d'Argenson. This is the only chateau I have seen in France that can bear any comparison with the country residence of an English nobleman. It is situated on the bank of the Vienne; and the disposition and laying out of the ground, from the back of the house to the river, which is within 200 yards, is in the true style of English gardening;—and I could have almost fancied myself on the banks of my own native Wye.

12th. We this morning reached Tours, chiefly remarkable for a very handsome well-built street, which is a rarity in France. The view from the hill before you arrive at Tours commands the

greater part of the Touraine. The character of the scenery is made up of that calm kind of beauty consistent with fertility, without any pretensions to the grand or the romantic.

Soon after leaving Tours, our kicking mule had nearly played us a jade's trick. The road lies on the bank of the Loire, under a range of rocks on one side, and with a shelving steep descending to the river on the other; from which the road is protected by a low wall. Our mule, being on the side farthest from the river, seemed to think this a favourable opportunity for venting its malice; and after a desperate effort, succeeded in forcing its companion over the wall. Our situation was one of great danger; for the struggles of the poor animal, who remained suspended in the air by the harness, nearly dragged carriage and all over together. We succeeded however in cutting the traces, and the beast, thus set free, rolled down the steep without suffering any material injury;—and here we left our voiturier and his mule to settle their affairs as they pleased. We might have had some difficulty in arranging our own affairs with him, but for that ready assistance which the law affords to every one who wants its aid in France. The mayors are invested with powers which have a much wider range than those of our

own magistrates; and in all petty disagreements, you may at once summon your adversary, and have an immediate and summary decision of the matter in dispute. This, to travellers at least, is a very great comfort, for to them a *delay* of justice would amount to a *refusal.*

13th. At Amboise there is a castle, the principal curiosity of which is a tower, by which they say the king used to ascend into the castle in his carriage. Here are the horns of a stag, eight feet long; and there is a joint of the same animal's neck, as large round as a man's body. This stag, whose horns are, if I remember rightly, still larger than those in Warwick Castle, is said to have been killed in the time of Charles VIII. The château of Chanteloup ought to be seen, as affording a superb specimen of the wretchedness of French taste. There is however an artificial rock there, which, if it were not crowned with a Chinese temple, would be worthy of an English garden.

It is impossible not to be disappointed with the boasted scenery of the Loire. The road and the river as far as Blois are well enough; and the views are occasionally very striking; but after you leave Blois, nothing can well be more uninteresting.

The peasantry too do not realize the pictures

which the imagination would draw of the "festive choir," whom Goldsmith describes as having led

"With tuneless pipe beside the murm'ring Loire."

I have in vain looked for any specimens of female beauty amongst the lower classes;—and indeed, the hard labour and exposure to the sun, to which they are subject, will sufficiently account for the want of symmetry of form, and beauty of complexion, so observable in the female peasantry of France.

Blois is well calculated for an English residence. The people are said to be better disposed towards us, than in most other parts of France, and it is particularly rich in all the productions of the soil.

The price of a *pension*, including all the comforts of board and lodging, does not exceed 90 francs per month.

This too is a part of France which seems to have suffered less than most other places from the fury of the Revolution. And this is a great consideration; for, whatever political advantages France may have derived from the Revolution, it will require a long time to repair the havoc and confusion which that tremendous explosion has made in the strata of society—elevating the lower, depressing the higher, and disturbing all. The

axe of equality has levelled every thing in France, and to look for a gentleman, is to lose your labour. All the distinctions of rank have been cut down, like the old trees of the forest, and the new generation that have sprung up, like the coppice, are all on a level; by which the social scene is as much disfigured, as the landscape would be by a similar process. You will seek in vain for that high-bred polish of manners which has been so much the boast, as peculiar to the *haut-ton* of France. The young men have, generally speaking, a *roué*, rakehelly demeanour;—the officers in the army are only to be distinguished by their epaulets; and there is throughout society a coarseness of manners, which savours strongly of *sans-culotism*. In losing the external *simagrées* of the old school, the French have lost the greater part of their politeness; for if politeness consist, as Fielding has beautifully defined it, in an extension of the great rule of Christian conduct to behaviour—so as to behave to all as you would they should behave to you—the French had never at any time more of this true benevolence in trifles than their neighbours.

True politeness indeed can only be associated with principle and honour; for it must be founded

as well on self-respect, as on a sense of respect for others; and this can scarcely be expected in a country where it has been long a favourite maxim that every man has his price, and that every woman—is no better than she should be. The decline of morals has indeed been greater than the decline of manners; and the whole history of France since the Revolution exhibits a lamentable picture of the most degrading want of principle. The French were formerly distinguished, if by no very strict principles of religion, at least, by a high sense of honour. But the age of chivalry is gone; France is no longer the country of "high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy;"—and we shall in vain seek in the campaigns of the soldiers of Napoleon for any portion of that generosity of sentiment which animated the knight "*sans peur et sans reproche.*" It is common to hear the conduct of French officers in breaking their parole, not only mentioned without censure, but praised and applauded—like a successful theft might have been in Sparta—as a justifiable and meritorious act of dexterity. It is to be hoped that the continuance of tranquillity, the progress of education, and the revival of religious principles, may restore to the moral sense of the French people, that

sensibility which has been almost destroyed by the long reign of license during the Revolution. There are, however, many obstacles that will prevent the re-organization of the "Corinthian capital" of society in France; which it is desirable should exist in all countries—if it consist, as it ought, of a class elevated above the vulgar herd, not only by the amount of their possessions, but by their intellectual and moral superiority.

One obstacle may be found in the spirit of equality, which it would be difficult to eradicate; and which in France is associated with that individual vanity which has no respect for high rank, or high station.

Again, there is the law of inheritance; the effect of which is to prevent the establishment of a permanent aristocracy of families, whose hereditary weight and influence serve as *ballast* in keeping the vessel of society steady.

Though a man may do what he pleases with his property during his life; this law limits his power of disposing of it after his death. If he have only one child, he is allowed the absolute disposal of a moiety—the child inheriting the other as matter of right; if he have two children, he can only dispose of a third; and if he have more than two,

three-fourths of his property must be equally divided amongst the children, and one-fourth only is left to his own disposal; either to leave to a stranger, or to increase the portion of the child of his preference. If the father die intestate, the whole property is divided equally amongst the children.

The law of general division, if confined to cases of *intestacy*, might, perhaps, be rational enough, as far as it is founded in the interests of the many, in opposition to the exclusive right of primogeniture. But any interference with the right of a man to dispose of his property at his death—excepting so far as the general good of society may make it necessary to guard against perpetual entails—is manifestly impolitic, as removing one of the greatest stimulants of human industry. The relations of private life, indeed, can never be the proper objects of legislative interference. The interests of children may safely be left to the natural operation of parental affection; and the evil tendency of a law which makes children to a great degree independent of their parents, has already been very extensively felt in France.

While such has been the effect of this law upon domestic life; its consequences, in a national point

of view, will probably be still more pernicious. The poor laws of England have been well characterized by a French writer, as "*la vérole politique de l'Angleterre;*" but by what single term shall we designate the complicated evils which may be expected to flow from the French law of inheritance? For while, on the one hand, its natural operation will be to produce an excess of population, by the equal facilities for marrying which it affords to all the members of a family; it must, at the same time, be diminishing the means of support, by its constant attacks upon capital, in the continual division and sub-division of property. Such a system, if permitted to continue, must, in the end, produce universal beggary; for, if we follow it to its natural conclusion, every acre in France will finally be divided, to the utter extinction of all capital, and every Frenchman eventually reduced to the condition of a pauper.

Though the morals and manners of the highest class of society have suffered much from the Revolution; though you will occasionally meet in the parlour with something that savours of the servants' hall; you will perhaps meet with more of High Life below Stairs in France, than in any other country in the world. There is in France

an universal quickness of intellect and apprehension, and a perfect freedom from that awkward embarrassment of manner, which is in England, I believe, denominated clownishness. As far therefore as the mere outward air of good breeding goes, almost every Frenchman is well-bred; and you may enter into conversation with a French servant or a French cobler, upon any of the topics that are common to the mixed company of rational and intelligent people all over the world, without any fear of being disgusted by coarseness or vulgarity.

14th. Orleans;—the cathedral is a beautiful structure, and the view from the tower will well repay the trouble of ascending it; which cannot be said of all such expeditions. A walk of three miles will carry you to the source of the *Loiret*, which is considered an object of curiosity. This river rises in a plain; it is said to be navigable to its source, though no boats are to be seen; and they tell you its source is unfathomable.

15th. We diverged from the road this morning, to the left; and, passing through a very interesting country, arrived to breakfast at Versailles. On the highest ground in the town stands the palace. The old front next the town, built by Louis XIII.,

is heavy and ugly. In the courts on this side were performed the tragic scenes that disgraced the 5th and 6th of October, 1789. The façade of the palace on the garden side is very fine; but the waste of expense in formal alleys, a mob of statues, and unmeaning buildings, hurts an English eye. We walked to *Le petit Trianon*, the favourite retreat of Marie Antoinette. The gardens are a tolerable imitation of the English taste, but still too artificial. The *Tour de Malbrook* is a foolish thing enough;—but the cottages are very pretty, and one might admire the taste which designed them, if they had been intended for the *real* habitations of clean and decent peasantry;—instead of retreats in which the queen and her favourites might play at shepherds and shepherdesses.

The approach to Paris from Versailles is extremely grand. You come at once upon the *Place Louis Quinze*, which is the finest spot in Paris, or perhaps in any other town.

Drove immediately to the *Hotel de Boston* in the Rue Vivienne; an excellent house in every respect.

CHAPTER XVII.

Comparison of London with Paris—Catacombs—Chamber of Deputies—Théâtre Français—Louvre—French Women—Gaming Tables—Place Vendôme—Gobelin Tapestry—Deaf and Dumb—French Character—Journey to Dieppe—Conclusion.

May 19th. In comparing Paris with London, the latter has, I think, decidedly the advantage in general magnificence, and all the attributes of a metropolis; though perhaps the former may have the greater number of *beaux morceaux* in proportion to its size. But then, it must be remembered, that Paris is not much more than half the size of London.

Paris has certainly nothing that can be put in competition with our squares; nor are there such places for riding and walking as the Park and Kensington Gardens. The Thames would be degraded by a comparison with the Seine; and Waterloo Bridge is worth all the bridges in Paris put together. The Pantheon,—fine building as it is,—would not even by a Frenchman be placed upon a level with St. Paul's; nor can any English-

man allow Notre Dame to be mentioned in the same sentence with Westminster Abbey. Still, however, I think we must own that a walk from the Boulevards, down the Rue de la Paix, through the Place Vendôme, to the Place Louis Quinze, and so on to the river, proceeding thence along the Quai to the Thuileries and the Louvre, would present an assemblage of magnificent objects, which exceed any thing that London has to show within the same compass.

In making a survey of both capitals, one cannot help being struck with the distinctive differences of national character, which are so strongly marked in the leading features of the one and the other. *Comfort* seems to have presided at the building of London, and *show* at that of Paris. A drive through the streets of Paris will explain to you at once, that it is the capital of a people who have no taste for the privacy of home; but who prefer to live in the glare and glitter of public amusements. The houses are of an immense height, but then no man's "house is his castle;" each story has its tenants, and if the effect of such wholesale buildings be magnificent, it is obtained at a prodigious sacrifice of domestic comfort. But, to make comfortable homes is not the object in Paris; on the contrary, it is upon

public places that attention and expense are almost exclusively employed;—and these are made as luxurious as possible. The *cafés*, the *restaurateurs*, and the thousand establishments for the entertainment and recreation of the public, will be found in the highest state of perfection; and it is to enjoy themselves in such places, that the French escape from the comfortless retreat of their own dwellings. In London we find the reverse of all this. For, though our public buildings are in the grandest style of magnificence; yet, perhaps, the most striking feature in London is the evident and paramount object of all the vast sums expended in its improvement;—namely, the individual comfort of the inhabitants. Witness the paving and lighting the streets; the admirable though invisible works, by means of which water is circulated through all the veins of the metropolis;—works of which Paris is wholly destitute—and the spacious laying out of the squares; which, splendid as they are, seem less intended for show, than for the health and enjoyment of those that *live* in them.

If the houses in London are not uniformly so high as those in Paris, it is because they are adapted for the use of different classes of people;

and they rise, according to the rank of their possessors, from the humble scale of the Suburbs, to the magnificent proportions of Grosvenor-square. I can easily believe that a traveller may be more struck with the *coup d'œil* of Paris, than of London. But he has seen the least striking part of London, who has only seen the outside of the streets;—"there is that within which passeth show;"—for London must be seen in the luxury and comfort of its private society, which will furnish scenes of enjoyment, such as cannot be found, I believe, in any other metropolis in the world.

If the two towns however be merely considered as scenes of gaiety, as places of holiday recreation, it is not surprising that Paris should be almost universally preferred by strangers. One may certainly say of it, as I believe was said of Seneca's style—*abundat dulcibus vitiis*—in other words—it is a charming place to play the fool in. But, whatever superiority it may have over London is derived chiefly from its very inferiority of scale and grandeur; for this gives it an advantage of the same kind with that, which a small theatre has over a large one; inasmuch as the spectacle with all its details is compressed within a smaller com-

pass, and brought nearer to the spectator. Thus the gardens of the Thuileries are very inferior in extent and beauty to those of Kensington; but then the former are in the very heart of Paris; while the latter, for any useful purpose to the majority of the inhabitants of London, might as well be at York.

Again—Tivoli is certainly not equal to Vauxhall; but then you may walk to Tivoli in ten minutes from the Palais Royal, see all that is to be seen, walk back again, and be in bed before midnight, without any of the fuss and trouble attendant upon an expedition to Vauxhall. Every thing, in a word, that Paris contains is *come-atable* at pleasure; and if you add, that there is no smoke, that a dollar will go as far as a guinea does in London, and that it has not, as far as I could see, the horrid nests of human vermin which are to be found in Wapping and St. Giles's; you will have said nearly all that can be said in its favour.

In the essential points of eating and drinking indeed, the Parisians may claim the most unquestionable superiority over us. It is impossible not to admit, that cider cannot vie with champagne, and that burgundy is better than beer. *Vive Paris*

pour qui a de l'argent! says somebody; but one might almost cry, *Vive Paris pour qui n'en a pas!* Witness the culinary *affiches* with which the walls are placarded.

"Tabar, Restaurateur: Diner à 30 sols (15*d.* English)—On a Potage, 3 Plats *très forts*, une demi-bouteille de bon vin, Pain à discrétion, un beau dessert,—ou un petit verre de vieille eau-de-vie de Cognac. Le tout au choix. Le service se fait en beau linge; argenterie; et porcelaine, &c."

If this should be too dear, you are tempted by another affiche close by.

"Unique dans son genre! Diner copieux à 22 sols (11*d.* English) par tête, servi en couvert et bols d'argent, en beau linge blanc. On a potage, 3 plats au choix, dessert, un carafon d'excellent vin. Pain à discrétion. On remplace le dessert par un petit verre d'eau-de-vie.

"Le public est prévenu qu'afin de mériter sa confiance et flatter son gout, il trouvera la carte bien détaillée et variée tous les jours, tant en volaille, gibier, poisson, que pâtisserie et dessert."

This will suffice to show, that the Parisians understand the art of puffing and placarding, at least as well as the Londoners. It may be possible, in London, to get the *substance* of a dinner at a

chop-house for as small a sum as two shillings; but in a wretched *form*, and without any of the accessories of luxury, or even comfort. In Paris, however, you may dine at the Salon Français in the Palais Royal, in a superb *salon*, as well fitted up, and better lighted, than the Piazza coffee-house in Covent-garden, and be served with soup, three dishes *au choix*, bread *à discrétion*, a pint of Burgundy, and dessert, all for the sum of eighteen pence;—and the waiter makes you a low bow for the gratuity of three-halfpence!

20th. There is another advantage in Paris, which is derived from its inferiority of size;—a walk of half an hour will take you from the centre of the town into the country. In London this is the work of half-a-day. And when you are once clear of the *barrières*, you are as much in the country, and breathe as pure an air, as if you were a hundred miles off. This facility of uniting the pleasures of town and country makes Paris very agreeable. St. Cloud, for instance, is a mere walk, and a more romantic scene can scarcely be conceived.

The park at St. Cloud during a fête might be compared with a scene in Fairy Land. To compare it with something nearer home;—imagine

several thousand people in Windsor Forest—though perhaps the wood at St. Cloud may be flattered by the comparison—temporary shops erected without number on each side of a fine alley of trees—and the whole forest animated by people amusing themselves in all sorts of ways;—here dancing in troops under the shade—there riding in *round-about* machines, with ships attached to the extremity of their poles, which sail round and round with an undulating motion, like that of a vessel under a steady breeze;—here enjoying the jokes of Punch and Merry Andrew—and there climbing paths that would not ill become the pleasure-ground of an Esquimaux. The whole combination is enchantingly picturesque, and realizes the descriptions that I have read in some foreign novels, in which I always thought there was something too poetical to be fact; but the fact is not less poetical, if one may so say, than the description.

The French, though without any taste for the *romantic* in nature, have a happy knack in the *imitation* of it. The gardens of Tivoli, for instance, though so inferior to Vauxhall in capabilities, are rendered much more rural and romantic; and this is extraordinary enough, considering the different tastes of the two nations. Instead of taking your

refreshment in boxes, as at Vauxhall, you here take it under the trees, or in arbours; the walks too are delightfully solitary, and the whole scheme of the entertainments is got up in a better taste than the *fêtes champêtres* on our side of the water.

21st. Visit to the Catacombs. Our descent into these mansions of the dead was less impressive than it might have been, owing to the association of numbers.

The effect which such a scene is calculated to produce upon the imagination is almost entirely destroyed by the din and distraction of a large party. As, however, it requires some time to explore these Cimmerian regions, the Custos limits his labours to a single exhibition per day;—so that all those who wish to accompany him assemble at the hour appointed for opening the door, and proceed together.

Armed with tapers, we descended a flight of steps to the depth of about a hundred feet below the surface, and entered one of the low passages leading to the catacombs. These vaults are the work of ages, having been formed by excavating for the stone with which Paris was built. They are of prodigious extent, and there are melancholy instances to prove how fatally a stranger may lose

himself in the labyrinth of passages into which they are divided.

To prevent a recurrence of such accidents, the proper route is indicated by a black line, marked upon the roof, which would furnish a straggler with a clue to retrace his steps, if he should happen to lose his way.

After some time we arrived at a small black door, over which was the following inscription:—

Has ultra metas requiescant
Beatam spem expectantes.

This is the entrance into the Cavern of Death, where the contents of the various cemeteries of Paris have been deposited;—and as the door is locked behind you, it is difficult to prevent an involuntary shudder from creeping over you, at the thought of being shut up with—two millions of skulls!

Here they are—grinning all around you; piled up in every form of fanciful arrangement; though the common mode of stowing them is in bins—like bottles in a cellar; in which the thigh bones answer the purposes of laths. Upon the whole, it is a painful sight. You feel as if you were guilty of profanation, by intruding upon that privacy

which ought to be sacred—for the dead should not be made a spectacle to the living. We do not meet on even terms. They had tongues, and could sing—once! but their gibes and their flashes of merriment are gone; "not one left to mock their own grinning!—Quite chap-fallen."

Wherever you turn, you encounter something to excite disagreeable sensations. In one chamber is a disgusting assortment of the osteological remains of disease and deformity; in another, the surgeon may study the old fashion of amputating limbs and trepanning heads, in the maimed relics there collected together. In one place the simple inscription of a date calls up the recollection of the massacres of the revolution, marking the place where the bones of the victims are deposited:

2 SEPTEMBRE, 1792.

In another quarter, your eye is arrested by a sentence conceived in the worst spirit of French philosophy; and obtruded upon you here in the worst taste—

Quæris quo jaceas post obitum loco?
Quo non nata jacent.

At the further extremity of the vaults is a pretty fountain, in which some gold fish were sporting

about, which seemed to thrive well, unconscious of the horrors that surrounded them.

Though a visit to the catacombs leaves a painful impression, the moral effect is wholesome. You return to the world more disposed to be in good humour with yourself, and with it;—and in re-ascending to the "warm precincts of the cheerful day," you taste the whole force of Virgil's exclamation, where he describes the intense but fruitless longing of his departed spirits to return to a world which they had wilfully quitted:—

> ——— Quam vellent æthere in alto,
> Nunc et pauperiem, et duros perferre labores!

22d. To the *Palais Luxembourg*. Here is the exhibition of the paintings of living French artists. The style of the modern French painters is glaring and harsh, and they are too fond of introducing prettiness into interesting subjects. In *Guerin*'s famous picture of *Phædra and Hippolytus*, you may count the squares of the marble pavement, and trace all the curious needlework with which the garments of the figures are embroidered. All the accompaniments are in the same style. Guerin however has finely imagined the characters of his painting. Phædra and Hippolytus are admirable;

the nurse absolutely speaks, though perhaps she has too much the air of a kitchen-maid. Theseus's countenance expresses unmixed contempt—but surely there should be some mixture of anger. In the colouring of the French painters there is often great effect—but then it is almost always an unpleasant effect;—their pictures are all glare and light; they seem to despise, or to be ignorant of *chiaro-scuro*—that delicate management of light and shade which gives to objects the relief of nature. David is the ringleader of this style, and he out-Fuselies Fuseli in the overstrained extravagance of his attitudes. *Gerard* is the most celebrated artist of the present day, both in history and portraits. I endeavoured in vain to see his *Battle of Austerlitz*, which I am told is his best work; but I saw his *Entrance of Henry* IV. *into Paris*, and the portraits of Mademoiselle Mars, and others. There is much merit in his works in both kinds.

24th. Visited the *Chamber of Deputies*;—a spacious hall of a semicircular form, handsomely fitted up with a profusion of marble, and decorated with the statues of Lycurgus, Solon, Demosthenes, Brutus, Cato, and Cicero. The president's chair, and the desks of the secretaries, occupy the base-

of the semicircle; in which the seats of the members are arranged in semicircular rows, rising one above the other, facing the president. The two centre benches on the floor, immediately opposite the tribune, answer to our *Treasury Bench*, and are appropriated to the ministers. Above is a roomy gallery for the public. Their hour of meeting corresponds with that of our own House of Commons, in less fashionable times than the present. The doors are opened at half-past eleven o'clock; the president takes the chair at one; and their debate is brought to a conclusion by dinner-time. The chamber has not shaken off all the remains of the imperial stratocracy. Drums announced the entrance of the president, who was followed by two serjeants at arms. His dress is the simple uniform of the Chamber—an embroidered blue coat—without wig or gown. These adjuncts may contribute nothing to a native dignity of person, but they are not without their use in supplying the ordinary deficiencies of nature. Nothing could be less dignified than the appearance and manner of the French president, who tripped up the steps to his chair, with the air of a footman in haste to answer his mistress's bell. Private business, and the presentation of petitions, occupied

the House till two o'clock; by which time the ministers had taken their seats, and the president announced the order of the day.

The ministers wear a uniform distinct from that of the Chamber; and they have the right of speaking, but cannot vote. The assembly had rather a slovenly appearance; some members being in uniform, and others not; for the *costume* is only strictly necessary to those who mean to mount the tribune. The debate was dull and tiresome; the first speaker read his oration from a written paper, and persisted for half an hour, though it was plain that no person paid the slightest attention to a word that he uttered. Then followed an *extempore* orator, who spoke with considerable force, animation, and effect; but the mounting the tribune—which is placed immediately under the president's chair, so that the orator necessarily turns his back upon him—has a bad effect; it takes away the impression of the speech proceeding from the immediate impulse of the speaker, and gives the idea of a premeditated harangue, which is always tedious.

La Fayette sat on the left side of the Chamber, which is filled by the *Radicals*, or as the French term them, the *Libéraux;* while the opposite

benches, on the right side, are occupied by the Ultra Royalist party. It is impossible not to look with interest at this earliest child of the Revolution—which has been well compared to Saturn devouring his children—for his very existence is a standing miracle; and excites the sort of feeling produced by the sight of a venerable oak, that has outlived the fury of a storm, by which the minor trees of the forest have been destroyed.

The *Count de Cazes*, the popular minister of the day, is not more than thirty-eight years old; being under the age prescribed for a deputy. He is the great hero of the *centre*, which is composed of that party of the Chamber called Constitutionalists, who are supposed to be independent. It will be happy for France if this party be really composed of men, who having no interested views to gratify, are content to "trim the boat and sit quiet;" and, by the judicious disposal of their weight, prevent the vessel from leaning too much to the side of the radical royalists on the right, or the radical republicans on the left. It is such a party as this, founded on principles rather than men, and shifting its support as it may perceive danger from the encroachment of either of the ultra parties of the state, that can alone pre-

serve a mixed constitution from being torn in pieces by the madness of democracy, or sinking for ever into the death-sleep of despotism.

Such a body of men is especially necessary in France, to temper the excesses of party ascendency; for in France, the party in power is omnipotent. Never was there seen such a land for *ratting*;—nothing can equal the rapidity of the contagion, which is shown in an immediate competition amongst all classes to range themselves on the side of the strongest. This utter want of party attachment has often enabled a daring minority, by the semblance of power, to frighten the nation into submission to a yoke, which a trifling effort would have been sufficient to shake off. There is nothing more surprising in the strange history of the French Revolution, than the barefaced impudence, with which a few daring demagogues disposed of the fates of the rest of their countrymen; unless it be the base and cowardly apathy, with which the great mass submitted to the knife of their butchers. Let us hear how Madame Roland—the most amiable and the most enthusiastic of the partizans of liberty—expresses herself, in describing the horrible massacres of the prisoners in September, 1792:—

"Cependant, les massacres continuèrent à *l'Abbaye*, du Dimanche au soir, au Mardi matin; à *la Force*, davantage; à *Bicêtre*, quatre jours. Tout Paris fut témoin de ces horribles scènes exécutées par un petit nombre de bourreaux. Tout Paris laissa faire—tout Paris fut maudit à mes yeux, et je n'espérai plus que la liberté s'établît parmi des lâches, insensibles aux derniers outrages qu'on puisse faire à l'humanité; froids spectateurs d'attentats que le courage de cinquante hommes armés auroit facilement empêchés.———Le fait est que le bruit d'une prétendue conspiration dans les prisons, tout invraisemblable qu'il fût, l'annonce affectée de l'inquiétude et de la colère du peuple, retenait chacun dans la stupeur, et lui persuadait au fond de sa maison, que c'était le peuple qui agissait; lorsque de compte fait, il n'y avait pas deux cens brigands pour la totalité de cette infâme expédition. Aussi ce n'est pas la première nuit qui m'étonne: mais quatre jours!—et des curieux alloient voir ce spectacle!—Non je ne connais rien dans les annales des peuples les plus barbares, de comparable à ces atrocités." It was the same culpable apathy, the same selfish timidity, in the majority of the Convention, which enabled the originally contemptible faction of the Mountain

to subdue, proscribe, and condemn, all its opponents. The same facility of submission to any yoke, has been lately exemplified in the most striking manner in the exits and entrances of rival kings; which have been conducted at Paris after the same quiet and bloodless manner, in which those things are generally exhibited on the stage. Madame de Staël, in describing the French character, does not omit this striking trait. "Les Français," says she, "sont peu disposés à la guerre civile, parce que chez eux la majorité entraine presque toujours la minorité; le parti qui passe pour le plus fort, devient bien vîte tout puissant, car tout le monde s'y réunit."

26th. In the evening to the Théâtre Français. When a favourite piece is performed, it is necessary to be at the doors some time before they are opened. But the candidates for places have the good sense to perceive the inconvenience of thronging in a disorderly manner, and the established rule is to form *à la queue* as it is called; that is, in a column of two a-breast, and every one is obliged to take his place in the rear, in the order in which he arrives. This is done with as much order and regularity as would be observed in a regiment of soldiers; in consequence of which the whole business is con-

ducted without the smallest tumult, and with ease to every one. It is true that the *gens d'armes* in attendance have authority to enforce this rule, if there should be any person so unreasonable as to refuse compliance; but still great credit is due to the French for their ready adoption of what is rational. The play was *Joanne d'Arc.* Mademoiselle Duchesnois was the heroine, and a most alarmingly ugly heroine she made; but bodily defects are of little importance if the soul be of the right temper. When that is the case—

"Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's six feet high."

Her face, however plain, is capable of considerable variety of expression; and, what is of more importance than beauty, there is a great deal of *mind* in her countenance; for this is absolutely necessary to command our interest and sympathy. Who can sympathize with a simpleton, even if it be a pretty simpleton? Duchesnois drew down much applause, and she deserved it;—she feels justly, and has the faculty of expressing what she feels. This is the extent of her merit; but here, where there is so much unnatural declamation, her style appears to the greatest advantage.

Mademoiselle Volnais, for example, with a plump

unmeaning pretty face, chants out her part, with no more apparent feeling or understanding than a parrot.

La Fond, who is a great favourite with the audience, played Talbot with something that was very like spirit and dignity; but he can never conceal the actor; he is all "strut and bellow;" and his voice, though it has great compass, is harsh and unpleasant. The political allusions of which the play is full, particularly the prophetic denunciations of Joanne against England, were eagerly seized by the audience, and *rancorously* applauded. It must require all the vanity of the French, to sit and hear, as the audience did with patience and complacency, the most fulsome and disgusting flattery addressed to their national feelings, in the vilest and worst taste of clap-traps. The very gallery in England has grown out of its liking for this sort of stuff.

A new after-piece followed—"*Les Femmes Politiques;*" a pretty trifle written in elegant language, which was charmingly delivered. Mademoiselle Mars and Mademoiselle Dupuis played delightfully; Baptiste aîné looked and spoke like the old gentleman he represented; and Monrose excited a laugh without descending to buffoonery and

caricature. This sort of conversational French comedy is delightful;—it is Nature in her best dress—polite—well bred—and sparkling.

But, in comedies where there is more room for the exhibition of comic humour, the French actors are perhaps inferior to our own. We shall in vain look for parallels of what Lewis was, or what Munden and Dowton are; and even with respect to Mademoiselle Mars, excellent as she is in the first and highest walks of comedy, for which she seems designed by nature—being very beautiful, very graceful, and perfectly well-bred;—yet, in characters of archness and humour, she might put a little more heart, and a great deal more mind into her representations. We miss the force, the richness, and the warmth of Mrs. Jordan's acting, and the exquisite point that she had the art of giving to comic dialogue; which only wanted the embellishments and good-breeding of the French Thalia, to constitute a perfect actress.

The point of perfection would perhaps be found somewhere between the styles of the two nations. To take an example from the *Tartuffe*;—the famous scene between *Tartuffe* and *Elmire* is scarcely played up to the intention of the author, by Damas and Mademoiselle Mars, and if certainly

might be coloured higher, without overstepping the modesty of nature. Dowton, in Cantwell, may go a little too far with Lady Lambert—and yet who can think so that remembers the effect produced by his management of the interview?—but Damas, in Tartuffe, does not go far enough with Elmire. The scene "comes tardy off:"—*bienséance*, when carried too far, is a millstone round the neck of tragedy and comedy. Congreve says well, that a scene on the stage must represent nature, but in warmer colours than it exists in reality. It is in Molière particularly, perhaps exclusively, that the French comedians seem to fall short of the author; for Molière is the most humorous of all their writers. He is the Fielding of France, and there is a richness and a raciness about him which are sometimes frittered away in the representation.

It might be curious to inquire the cause of the universal decline of the art of acting, during the present age. France has only two performers that are much above mediocrity; but they are excellent;—Talma in tragedy, and Mars in comedy. As to all the rest, though many have a considerable portion of merit, we may pass them over in silence, except Potier; who is, as he deserves to be, a

prodigious favourite in farce and caricature,—but we possess a better edition of Potier than the French themselves, in our own inimitable Liston.

The French opera is the most splendid theatre in Paris; but protect me from French singing!—especially if it be serious singing. Arthur Young, in speaking of French singing, describes it as "the distortions of embodied dissonance," and Rousseau inveighs against the "lamentable chant Français" as bearing more resemblance "aux cris de la colique qu'aux transports des passions;" and in their choruses there is a grand roar-royal, as if they all had the cholic together. The light airs of their comic operas are, however, very pleasing; and there is at least this merit in their singing, that you can hear what they say. The airs of Gretry are delightful. The ballet of the French opera is perfect;—in dancing, as well as cooking, I believe we must acknowledge our inferiority, nor attempt to rival the French in agility of heels. I have seen, in the gardens of Tivoli, a *pas de trois*, performed by two males and one female dancer, upon *stilts*. The *pirouettes* on these seven-leagued legs were inexpressibly ridiculous; but if difficulty be the great desideratum in dancing, this style, of all others, ought to be entitled to the loudest applause.

27th. *The Louvre*, stripped as it has been of the spoils which Buonaparte and his myrmidons had collected from all parts of Europe, is still a noble collection. The gallery itself—500 yards in length—lined with pictures, is a magnificent sight.

There are still remaining some beautiful specimens of Raphael, Murillo, Titian, and Salvator Rosa. The gaps occasioned by the restoration of the spoils of Italy have been filled up with the Luxembourg pictures of Rubens, who has thrown away a vast deal of labour and fine colouring in hopeless and incurable allegories; and by the sea-pieces of Vernet, which are so beautiful, that we cannot, while looking at them, regret the absence of any pictures whatever. His views of the sea-ports combine all the beauties of painting with the most accurate fidelity of resemblance. But it is in his fancy pieces that he gives the reins to his imagination, and indulges in every variety of tint and contrast; and it is difficult to say whether he is most admirable, in the warm glow of sunshine—the pale silver gleams of moonlight—the gloomy gathering of a fog—or the terrific horrors of a tempest.

Nicholas Poussin is the great hero of the French school of painting. There is a hardness of man-

ner in the generality of his works, which injures their effect—but his Deluge is sublime. There is a dark and terrible solemnity about it, admirably suited to the subject. The universal desolation is pictured by a selection of a few instances of the most affecting images, which do honour to the heart of the painter; who represents love—conjugal and parental love—as enduring through all trials, exerting its energy to the last, and overwhelmed only in the end—by the destruction of all things. One would almost fancy Poussin had wished to illustrate the sentiment of Solomon—"Many waters cannot quench love, neither can floods drown it."

There is a picture in the Louvre by *Lairesse*, from which I think Sir Joshua Reynolds must have borrowed the idea of *Garrick between Comedy and Tragedy*.

The composition and arrangement of the figures are so precisely the same, that the resemblance can scarcely be accidental. The subject is Hercules between Virtue and Vice; and Sir Joshua has not been even at the pains of adding legs to the half-lengths of the originals; though he has certainly improved upon *Lairesse*'s Vice, in his exquisitely charming figure of Thalia.

The Louvre collection of statues may still boast

some of the most beautiful specimens of ancient sculpture. The Borghese collection, amongst which are the famous fighting Gladiator, and the Hermaphrodite, was bought and added to the National Museum by Napoleon.

28th. Before I leave Paris, I ought to record my impressions of the French women; who must, I think, yield the palm to their English and Italian neighbours. They want the freshness and retiring delicacy of the first; and the dignity and voluptuous enthusiasm of the second. Whatever beauty there is amongst them is confined to the upper classes, and the *Grisettes*. In passing through the country, I was everywhere appalled by the squalid faces of the peasantry; so unlike the romantic pictures of Sterne. The point in which the Parisian ladies claim the most decided superiority over their English sisters is in the elegance of their *tournure*;—and for this claim there may be some foundation. The French ladies, however, sometimes carry their pretty mincing airs too far; but even this is better than the opposite extreme, which is occasionally exemplified in the striding gait of an Englishwoman. What Rousseau said of the *Parisiennes*, and of the silly spirit of imitation which induces other nations

to deform their figures by adopting the deformities of French fashions, may well be applied to the present day; when every Englishwoman is at the pains of making herself hump-backed, for no other reason, as it would seem, than that the native beauty of her form may be reduced to the French standard of symmetry. "Menues," says Rousseau, speaking of the *Parisiennes*, "plutôt que bien faites, elles n'ont pas la taille fine; aussi s'attachent-elles volontiers aux modes qui la déguisent; en quoi je trouve assez simples les femmes des autres pays, de vouloir bien des modes faites pour cacher les défauts qu'elles n'ont pas."

It is a curious fact that in 1814, the English ladies were so possessed with a rage for imitating even the deficiencies of their French sisterhood, that they actually had recourse to violent means, even to the injury of their health, to compress their beautiful bosoms as flatly as possible, and destroy every vestige of those charms, for which, of all other women, they are perhaps the most indebted to nature.

The French women appear, what I believe they really are, kind, good-humoured, and affectionate; but light, fickle, capricious, and trifling. Without having thrown off entirely the robe of virtue, they

wear it so loosely as to admit of freedoms, which would shock the delicacy of more reserved manners. No woman in Paris, I believe, would feel offended at any proposals, if made *d'une certaine manière, et d'un air bien comme il faut*;—though it by no means follows that the proposals would be accepted; for, as Mrs. Sullen says, in the play, "it happens with women as with men; the greatest talkers are often the greatest cowards, and there is a reason for it:—those spirits evaporate in prattle, which might do more mischief if they took another course." But there can be no descriptions of national characters without exceptions;—Mesdames Ney and Lavalette, in these days, and Mesdames La Roche Jacquelin and Roland, in the days of the Revolution, may challenge a comparison with the fairest names that ever adorned the annals of womanhood.

Matrimony, if one may take the evidence of the journals, seems to be a regular business of advertisement. I select three out of *eight* in one paper;—and all too on the part of the ladies.

"Une demoiselle bien née et aimable, ayant 120,000 francs de biens, desire épouser un homme âgé et riche."

"Une demoiselle de 24 ans, jolie et d'une édu-

cation distinguée, ayant 40,000 francs comptant, et par la suite, 200,000 francs, désire épouser un jeune homme aimable, et ayant de la fortune."

"Une demoiselle, de 19 ans, sans fortune, mais jolie, aimable, et bien élevée, désire épouser un homme âgé, et assez aisé pour pouvoir faire quelque bien à sa mère."

Perhaps *âgé* means no more than our word *aged*, as applied to a horse.

This may suffice as a specimen;—on the part of the gentlemen the paper offered no advertisement whatever.

29th. The following document, taken from the *Bibliothèque Historique*, will show the fearful extent to which gaming is carried in Paris at present.

BUDGET DES JEUX PUBLICS.

ETAT DES FRAIS ANNUELS DES JEUX DE PARIS.

7 Tables de Trente-et-un.
9 De Roulette.
1 Passe-Dix.
1 Craps.
1 Creps.
1 Biribi.
—
20

These twenty tables are distributed about Paris; the *minimum* established as a stake, varies from a Napoleon to a sous; so that every man may find a table suited to his fortune. At some, women are admitted, and it is needless to describe the effect which such institutions must have upon the morals of the town. The current expenses of these establishments are calculated at no less a sum than 1,551,480 francs per annum. And in addition to these there is the "*bail*," or duty to government, 6,000,000 francs; and the *bonus* for the *bail* 166,666 francs; making together the enormous sum of 7,718,146 francs.

From documents it appears that the average gain of the tables is 800,000 francs per month, amounting to 9,600,000 francs per annum; which, after subtracting the expenses, 7,718,146 francs, will leave a clear profit of 1,881,854 francs. And yet, in spite of this unanswerable logic of figures and facts, there are every day fresh victims, who are infatuated enough to believe that it is possible to counterbalance the advantage which the bank possesses, by a judicious management of the power that the player has of altering his stake. This is a fatal error. For though it is common to talk of the uncertainty of chance; yet, in an unlimited

series, chance becomes certainty; and the doctrine of the chances is founded upon the same general and immutable laws which direct all the operations of matter. There is a little pamphlet published at Paris, which ought to be read by every man who needs to be convinced that he who plays against the table must, at the long run, be made a beggar.

30th. The "zeal to destroy" is busily at work all over Paris, in endeavouring to obliterate Napoleon's renown; and indeed to convert the imperial insignia into emblems in honour of the Bourbons. Thus, the N. is universally changed into an H. to pay a compliment to *Henri Quatre*, of which he has no need; and the Bee is transformed into a *fleur de lis*. The *bas reliefs* too, which commemorate the achievements of the Ex-Emperor, are torn down without mercy. There is something pitiful in this disfigurement, which does little credit to those who ordered it. It is not only ill-judged, as being calculated to engrave deeper on the tablets of the memory the recollection of those exploits, which are thus unworthily treated; but the attempt is manifestly impossible. All Paris savours of Napoleon; for instance—what can be done with the column in the *Place*

Vendôme?—can it be supposed that the white flag on the top of it, will efface the recollection that this pillar was composed of 1,200 pieces of cannon taken by Napoleon at the battle of Austerlitz?

This subject has been well treated in the letter to the Duke of Wellington, which was attributed to Fouché:—"Quand on a été subjugué par Napoléon, il y a peu de jugement à le dénigrer—plus on cherche à l'abaisser plus on s'avilit soi-même;—le voyageur sourit de pitié en voyant effacer à grands frais les aigles, qui se trouvent sur les monumens qu'il a réparés ou élevés:—comme si la mémoire des faits devait périr avec les aigles!" The same work of destruction has been carried on at the Pantheon, where the fine mythological bas reliefs have been removed, though the example of St. Peter's at Rome might be pleaded in their justification; and the inscription on the frieze of the portico—"*Aux grands hommes la Patrie reconnoissante*"—is about to give place to some more loyal and legitimate motto.

Amongst the unfinished works of Napoleon is the Fountain which he intended should be erected on the site of the Bastile. This fountain was to consist of an enormous elephant, the model of which is now to be seen in plaster of Paris, on the

spot where the Bastile formerly stood. It is seventy-two feet in height; the *jet d'eau* is through the nostrils of his trunk; the reservoir, in the tower upon his back; and one of his legs contains the staircase, for ascending to the large room within his body. The Elephant was to be executed in bronze, with tusks of silver, surrounded by lions of bronze; who were to expectorate the water from one cistern to another. It is remarkable, how little the persons who live close to the Bastile know of the particulars which happened at the taking of that place by the populace—an event which happened so short a time ago. And, in the accounts which have been published, there is scarcely a circumstance which is told in the same manner by any two narrators.

From the site of the Bastile, I went to the manufactory of *Gobelin Tapestry*. It is extremely curious to see the operations of this manufacture. The material on which the tapestry is worked consists merely of single threads; which are placed upon a frame, over which the workman leans. The outline of the pattern is marked in black chalk, upon the threads; and the worsted being ready rolled, the artist then works it in, in the various proper shades, with no other direction

to guide him than a coloured model which hangs near him. The extraordinary part of the work is, that he produces the desired effect, using the most brilliant colours and the softest gradations of tints, with the happiest use of light and shadow, without looking at the fair side of his work in its progress;—for it is the inside, which is always next to him.

June 5th. Visited the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb;—the most interesting of all the establishments in Paris. The system of education, invented by the benevolent Abbé de l'Epée for the education of these helpless children, shut out, as it would seem, by nature, from the chief sources of intelligence, has been prosecuted with equal success by the Abbé Sicard. The difficulty obviously consists in establishing a medium of communication with the mind of the pupil. The Abbé de l'Epée, who, without preferment, or patronage, or other support than that of his own patrimonial means, devoted his life and fortune to the maintenance and education of a large domestic establishment of deaf and dumb, surmounted the difficulty, and invented a method of conveying ideas to the mind, by means of visible signs. This is done by writing the names of things, and, by a regular system of signs, establishing a connexion

between the written words, and the ideas to be excited by them. This ingenious system would appear at first sight to be almost impracticable; but, as the Abbé well observed, "the connexion between ideas and the articulate sounds, which are the ordinary means by which they are excited in the mind, is quite as arbitrary as that between these ideas and the written characters he used to represent them to the eye."

The mind once stored with ideas, and a channel of communication established, the pupil is soon taught—what may be called the mechanical part of his education—the use and exercise of the organs of speech; and as a privation of any of the senses is found to produce a greater quickness in those that remain, the sense of sight becomes in the deaf and dumb so acute, that they can *see* the answer of the person with whom they converse, by observing the motion of the lips.

Some of the definitions, which are recorded as the *impromptu* answers of *Massieu* and *Leclerc*, two of M. Sicard's most celebrated pupils, at public examinations, are at once accurate and beautiful. To instance a few; *Eternité*—un jour sans hier ni demain; *Reconnoissance*—la mémoire du cœur; *Les sens*—des porte-idées.

Many of the definitions of these pupils have

been recorded; but there are none more worthy of record than the answers which they made to the following question: "Quelle différence y a-t-il entre le désir et l'espérance?" *Massieu*'s reply is remarkable for metaphysical acuteness, and nice discrimination: "*Le désir* est une inclination du cœur; *l'espérance*—une confiance de l'esprit." *Leclerc*'s answer displays more imagination, and is indeed less a definition than an illustration;—but it is a beautiful illustration: "*Le désir* est un arbre en feuilles; *l'espérance*—un arbre en fleurs; *la jouissance*—un arbre en fruits."

The intellectual attainments of these persons furnish the strongest argument against those doctrines which would persuade us that the soul of man is only the *result* of the organs of sense. If any farther argument were needed to convince us of the immaterial nature of the thinking being within us, we might surely find it in the example afforded by the deaf and dumb; which seems to prove that the soul's existence is independent of the senses;—though their excitement may be required to call out its powers, and a certain material apparatus be necessary to the manifestation of its faculties.

It has been stated, as a singular coincidence,

that a deaf and dumb pupil, being asked to define his idea of the sound of a trumpet, compared it to the colour red; as Sanderson, the famous blind Mathematical Professor, used to explain his idea of the colour red, by likening it to the sound of a trumpet.

Drove afterwards to the *Hôtel Dieu*, one of the largest hospitals in Paris. Every thing was neat and clean; the furniture of the beds was white, and looked fresh and wholesome. In walking through the wards, though there was much to afflict the eye, there was nothing to offend any other sense.

The French boast much of their surgical attainments; and indeed their campaigns must have afforded them the most ample opportunities of practice and experience.

One improvement, I believe, they may have introduced, which has been found of extensive benefit in military practice;—that of immediate amputation before inflammation takes place; in opposition to the old established system of waiting till the inflammation had subsided.

7th. Left Paris for Dieppe, travelling the lower road to Rouen; which passes along the banks of the Seine, and abounds more in picturesque pro-

spect, than any other which I have yet seen in France; though this is not saying much in its favour. But the view of Rouen, from a height about a league from it, is very fine, and might be admired in any part of England. Normandy, indeed, in many of its features, bears a striking resemblance to England; and the likeness increases as you advance from Rouen towards Dieppe, through the green and fertile valley, rich in pastures and orchards, and peopled with the cotton-workers, by means of whom the French hope to rival our long-established superiority in that manufacture.

Having now arrived at Dieppe, the last stage of the French territory, I would willingly part with them in good humour. There are some amiable traits of character, which are universally prevalent, and must strike the most common observer. They are, almost without exception, a temperate people; and, with wine at command, which may be bought for almost nothing, they rarely drink to excess. It must be confessed too, that they are much kinder and gentler in their treatment of the brute part of the creation, than the lower orders of our own country; and indeed the appearance of the animals confirms this opinion; for you never see those

maimed, broken-knee'd, miserable objects — the victims of ill-temper and ill-treatment—which so often shock one in England.

Again—if the French have a much greater share of vanity than their insular neighbours, they are at least untainted with that ludicrous sort of pride which thrives so prodigiously in England—setting a fool in fermentation, and swelling him out with inflated ideas of self-importance;—for no one here is above speaking civilly to his inferior, how great soever the distance between them. The French too in many instances exhibit a praiseworthy disregard of outward appearance, to which the English, from pride or *mauvaise honte*, practise so obsequious a submission. In France no man need fear sinking in the estimation of his friends from the shabbiness of his coat, the height of his lodgings, or the fashion of his equipage.

If I have seen little else to mention with commendation, it may be that I have been blinded by national prejudice; for I believe it is difficult, if not impossible, to acquire that complete impartiality which is so necessary in the pursuit of truth. It would seem that a man's head was like a bowl, and that he came into the world with a certain bias infixed by the hand of nature herself. This

bias in an Englishman's head disposes him to dislike every thing belonging to a Frenchman. I confess, till I had resided in France, I used to think that this prejudice was carried much too far; but I leave it with a most devout wish that it may never be my misfortune to reside in it again; and a very strong hope that the national feeling, which has so long kept us a distinct people in all our habits, feelings, and principles, may long continue to be cherished; and that the sound and sufficient sentiment of love of country may never be laughed out of countenance by the vain and visionary nonsense of universal philanthropy.

9th. Dieppe. Labor ultimus!—Ascended the cliff to snuff up the gale that comes from Old England. "Oh England! England! thou land of liberty—thou climate of good sense—thou tenderest of mothers and gentlest of nurses;"—how I long to embrace thee again! And yet now that I am within twelve hours' sail of thee, and that I can approach thee with amended health and brighter prospects, I feel a strange mixture of apprehension and anxiety. Who has not felt, though parting from friends is the severest of all trials, that meeting again is not without its disquietudes; especially after a long absence from those with whom we

have been in the constant habit of thinking, talking, and acting? In such a situation a man fears lest he should find his friends, or lest his friends should find him, changed; lest absence should have made such a gap in the chain which united them in the bonds of affection, that it may be doubtful whether the links will ever fit in together again. I believe I was led into this train of thought by a passage in *Atala*, a wild little book of delightfully romantic nonsense, by Chateaubriand:—"Mais que parle-je de la puissance des amitiés de la terre? Illusion! Chimère! Rêve d'une imagination blessée! Vanité des vanités! Si un homme revenait à la lumière quelques années après sa mort, je doute qu'il fût revu avec joie par ceux-là mêmes qui ont versé le plus de larmes à sa mémoire;—tant on forme vîte des autres liaisons—tant l'inconstance est naturelle à l'homme!" But the packet is ready, and the wind is favourable—

June 10th. On board. The cliffs of Dieppe are as white as those of Albion; a name which we have been taught was applied to our own island from something peculiar and remarkable in the colour of its rocks. This similarity of materials strengthens the notion that, at some remote period, the sea burst through the straits, and

divided us from the continent;—a thought which is well expressed by Mason, when he makes old ocean tear Britannia

——— "from reluctant Gaul
And bid her be his queen."

Long may she retain her sceptre!—and long may she continue to inspire such feelings as now rise within me in approaching her shores, and make me exult in the reflection that I was born an Englishman:—

Ταύτης τοι γενεῆς τε καὶ αἵματος εὔχομαι εἶναι!

THE END.

Hôtel Pension des Alpes
TH. WHITE, prop:
VEVEY-LA TOUR